

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 1,051



JANUARY 18, 1890

THE GRAPHIC.

AN

ILLUSTRATED

WEEKLY

NEWSPAPER.



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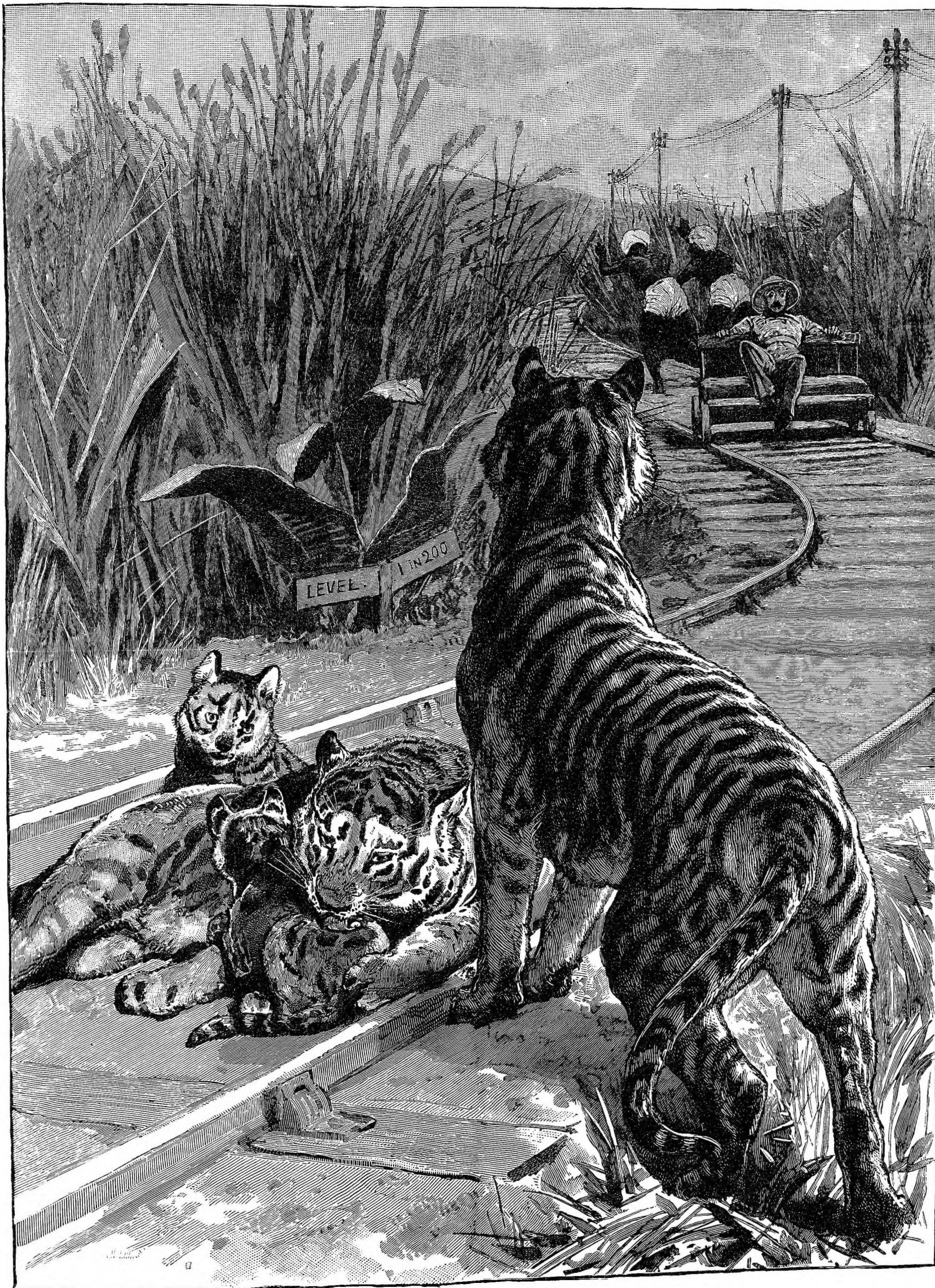
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ÉDITION
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SATURDAY, JANUARY 18, 1890

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AN UNEXPECTED DANGER—AN ENGINEER'S PREDICAMENT IN INDIA



PORTUGAL'S REAL GRIEVANCES.—It is not unnatural that the Portuguese should have a somewhat spiteful feeling about England. Their country has been made to cut a rather sorry figure, and it would have been strange if they had borne meekly the unpleasant consequences of their national policy. At the same time we may hope that, when their passion subsides, they will be able to study the matter from a wholly different point of view. The proper object for their wrath is not England, but the late Portuguese Government. Senhor Barros Gomes and his colleagues altogether misconceived the conditions with which they had to deal. They fancied that it would be a fine thing to flout one of the Great Powers, and that success in this enterprise would make them the strongest Portuguese Cabinet of modern times. That it would be possible for them to achieve their object they do not seem to have doubted; for was it not notorious that England had become timid and vacillating, and that in this new mood she had always been ready to accept accomplished facts? Thus Portugal was dragged into a series of blunders for which she could not but suffer; and by and by it ought not to be hard for her to recognise that the blame rests, not with Lord Salisbury, who was bound to protect English interests, but with the Ministers by whom those interests were injured. The resignation of the Government was at once accepted; and the Portuguese, if they are wise, will take care that not one of its members shall ever again have an opportunity of putting the country in an utterly false position. Lord Salisbury had an extremely disagreeable piece of work to do, and he did it well. The duty now before him is to see that there be no failure on the part of Portuguese officials in complying with the orders which have been issued from Lisbon. The Governor of Mozambique has evidently ideas of his own as to the extent to which he is obliged to carry out instructions received from the home authorities. Neither he nor any one else can be allowed to stand in the way of the complete reassertion of the authority of England in the districts which have been placed under her protection.

EQUATORIAL AFRICAN EXPLORATION.—The activity which has been displayed in this direction for a good many years was originally chiefly geographical. To the men of the last generation there was the same ardent desire to penetrate the secret of the sources of the Nile as their fathers felt in the discovery of a practical North-West passage through the Arctic Seas. When the Nile problem had been solved by Speke, Grant, and their successors, African exploration assumed a new phase. Its aims were commercial and philanthropic, but especially philanthropic. Not only were new markets to be opened for the supply of grey shirtings to myriads of lightly-clothed natives, but these natives were to be Christianised, civilised, and freed from the miseries of the slave-traffic. It must be mournfully confessed that, thus far, very little has been accomplished in this latter direction. In a recent lecture at Edinburgh, Mr. Joseph Thomson, a competent witness, says plainly that European intercourse, instead of being a blessing, has been an unmitigated curse to the African race. Christianity, as compared with Mahomedanism, has made very little headway among the heathen tribes; while our commerce chiefly consists in the importation of gin, gunpowder, and guns. This is a sorry record; and, were it not that he sees signs of the approach of a better day, Mr. Thomson thinks that the white man would do well to retire from Africa altogether. This policy, as far as England is concerned, is now impossible. We have just run the risk of rupture with an ancient ally rather than surrender our alleged rights in those regions; and, even if we were to go, other European nations, who are still less scrupulous in their methods of dealing with negroes than we are, would assuredly remain. These reflections naturally lead us to say a few words concerning Mr. John Burns's onslaught against Mr. H. M. Stanley. Mr. Stanley has of late received so much adulation that a little plain-speaking will do him no harm. Mr. Burns's remarks were in some respects unfair and exaggerated, but there is a substantial amount of truth in them. Mr. Stanley discovered Livingstone, but he has not followed the methods of Livingstone. As an explorer, we may unreservedly admire his pluck, his patience, and his perseverance—but he has been a man of war. He may not have killed recklessly, but he has killed unhesitatingly. His motto has been, "Make way for me, or I will shoot you down," and this decisive plan of action has been the main secret of his wonderful successes.

THE PRICE OF COAL.—A curious dumbness has fallen upon those enthusiasts of Free Trade who so glibly predicted that the abolition of the coal-dues would largely diminish the London householder's fuel bill. The dues are abolished to the extent of about two-thirds; but coal, instead of being so much the cheaper, is about 20 per cent. dearer. True, some advance must have taken place in any case, consequent upon the increased consumption of coal for manufacturing purposes and the higher wages paid to the colliers. But it is estimated that 1s. 6d. per ton represents the total additional

cost of black diamonds when landed at the port of London, whereas the selling price has advanced by 5s. It seems, therefore, that the coal-dues, and a good deal more, clear, must have found an asylum in some other pockets than those of the London householder. But what would it have been had the the present winter proved exceptionally severe instead of exceptionally mild? The consumption of coal in the metropolis since October must have been very much less than the normal amount; and one might have imagined that the consequent slackness of demand, coupled with the abolition of the tax, would have kept down the price to the level customary at this season. But the coal-trade has always been a mystery. Let the price rise ever so high, and you will still find pit-owners, middlemen, and retailers protesting that their "margins" of profit are as narrow as ever. Where does the money go to, then? The consumer knows, to his cost, that some one must be making pretty pickings, but who that nefarious person may be remains an unsolvable enigma. One thing is certain, however; that the abolition of the scarcely-felt tax, which used to be of such immense service for metropolitan improvements, has not yet exercised any sensible effect on the selling price of coal in London. It may have put money into the purses of the gas companies, and other industrial undertakings, but the householder has derived no benefit whatever.

LORD HARTINGTON.—The illness of Lord Hartington has evoked from members of all political parties expressions of sincere regret and sympathy. No one can have read what has been written about him during the last few days without seeing that he has a remarkably strong hold over the English people. It may, indeed, be doubted whether any one of our great public men is more deeply or widely respected. Lord Hartington has not, of course, the brilliance of Mr. Gladstone, nor has he even the faintest touch of Lord Salisbury's caustic force; but his solid judgment, his indifference to popularity, and his resolute adherence to what he himself believes to be duty have won for him the cordial esteem even of those who do not share his opinions. It would hardly be possible to overrate the importance of the part he has played since the beginning of the Home Rule controversy in England. Mr. Chamberlain's influence has been considerable, but it has been slight in comparison with that which Lord Hartington has excited. It was well known that Lord Hartington had a strong feeling of loyalty to his political leader. Of this he had given many striking proofs at a time when Mr. Gladstone often put to a severe test the confidence of his Whig followers. When a statesman who was at once so honest and so devoted to his party found it necessary to break with the associations of his past life, the attention of a great number of Liberals could not fail to be arrested; and it is to him that those of them who became Liberal Unionists still chiefly look for guidance and encouragement. But it is not merely by opposition to Home Rule that Lord Hartington has made himself a power in politics. He has steadily striven to secure from the present Government measures conceived in a Liberal spirit; and in this task he has been successful to an extent which must have considerably surpassed his own most sanguine anticipations. What his future is to be, no one can foretell; but it is certain that if his health remains good he will continue to render excellent service to the State. In the mean time, what every one hopes is that when Parliament opens he will be found in his place, as fresh and vigorous as ever.

WAR ALARMS IN HOLLAND.—Many competent observers have held that the revolution which sixty years ago severed Holland from Belgium was really a misfortune for both nations. If the two countries had been content to sink their differences with the object of staving off a possible common danger, the united kingdoms would have presented a territory of respectable dimensions, and with a population sufficiently large to decline to be coerced into virtual alliance with any greater Power. However, facts must be taken as they are; Holland and Belgium are now independent kingdoms, and they lie midway between two first-rate Powers, who, ever since the events of 1870-1, have been "biting thumbs" at each other. Under these circumstances scares are not unnatural; not long ago Belgium was alarmed, and set about strengthening her fortresses. Now it is the turn of Holland; and she too, under the inspiration of M. Tindal, an artillery officer, is beginning to doubt whether her defensive system, known as "the Fortress of Holland," would suffice to keep out a really determined foe. Whether the Government will spend any money for the purpose of allaying this panic remains to be seen; their unwillingness to do so is not surprising, considering that the country already pays a bill of 3,500,000*l.* a year for national defence. Meanwhile there is comfort for our Batavian kinsfolk in the reflection that Holland is much more out of the line of fire than Belgium. Supposing, in the event of a new war between France and Germany, that the annexation of the Vosges Mountains by Germany were to cause France to attempt her *à Berlin* march by way of Belgium, the odds are that the wideawake Germans would occupy the eastern provinces of that country *instantly*, and that Holland would not necessarily be troubled at all. And it is also to be considered that the advance through Belgium might be very risky for France, as meanwhile a German *corps d'armée* might pour down from "the

blue Alsatian mountains," and once more force its way to the gates of Paris. Altogether then, the Dutch Government will scarcely be justified in going to much expense with the idea of warding off a danger which, at the worst, does not seem very pressing.

AMERICAN INVESTMENTS AND ENGLISH INVESTORS.—The high-handed action of the Managers of the Philadelphia and Reading Railway has once more shaken British confidence in American investments. It again seems as though the Briton who embarks his savings in Transatlantic securities were doomed to find himself the shuttlecock of Wall Street gamblers. President Corbin knew that he had the superiority of voting power under his control, and, feeling secure on that point, he set at defiance the wishes of the whole body of English shareholders. And so it is with many other American concerns; English capital invested in them lies at the mercy of whatever "ring" happens to have obtained control. There is nothing new in this, of course; to Stock Exchange experts the tale will be stale enough. But it is by no means so to the large class who, tempted by the promise of higher dividends, turn to American investments as the most promising field. It is so, in one sense: English securities do not hold out half the promise. Nor is there any question that only honest and straightforward management is needed to make the majority of American railways really valuable properties. But that, apparently, is just what cannot be secured. An Amurath succeeds an Amurath, and each new comer flies the banner of reform. No sooner, however, does he feel himself firmly seated than the old game begins again, and the shareholders make fresh experience of having their interests subordinated to the "rigs" of the market. It will be well, therefore, if this Philadelphia and Reading struggle serves to warn English people of small means that the "bulls" and "bears" of New York regard railways as merely gambling counters. Their shares may fairly earn dividends, but if it be the interest of the controlling clique to depress quotations, no dividends will be paid. On the other hand, should the managers be "on the bull," as their slang styles buying for the rise, a comfortable dividend will be somehow manipulated, to support the market. And although all this is patent to the very sparrows on the housetops, no means apparently exist for calling the management to account.

MODERN ORIENTAL STUDIES.—The authorities of the Imperial Institute have established a school for modern Oriental studies in connection with University College and King's College, London; and the other evening a brilliant assemblage met at the Royal Institution to hear an address on the subject by Professor Max Müller. A better address of its kind it would have been impossible for any scholar in England to deliver. Professor Müller dealt with questions to the investigation of which the greater part of his life has been devoted, and every one knows how persuasively and eloquently he is able to present the results of his inquiries. All who have thought about the matter will agree that he did not overrate the practical importance of the studies which it will be the duty of the new school to foster. The relations of England with the East are more extensive than those of any other European country, yet, strangely enough, Oriental languages have not hitherto received from Englishmen anything like the attention they have received from Russians, Germans, and Frenchmen. The disadvantages springing from this unwise neglect have often been serious enough; for, as Professor Müller truly said, communication with Orientals by means of interpreters can never be so effective as direct personal intercourse. Ignorance of Oriental languages will have in future more unpleasant results than it has had in the past. All the great European nations are looking towards the East for an expansion of their commerce, and the best opportunities for successful trade will undoubtedly very often come to those who can most fluently and intelligently converse with natives in their own speech. The school which has just been founded ought, therefore, to have before it a great career, and perhaps its work may prove to be by far the most useful result of the movement which led to the formation of the Imperial Institute. If it encourages a taste for the study of Oriental languages, it may do much more than help us in a commercial sense; it may prepare the way for a truer appreciation of all that is highest and most worthy in Oriental, and especially in Indian, methods of thought and feeling.

STREET-MUSIC.—The practical question is whether the law regulating this species of entertainment (or torture) should be made more stringent than it now is. A large number of adults, mostly belonging to the comfortable classes, with fairly strong nerves and equable tempers, are practically neutral on the subject of street-music. Personally they neither like it nor dislike it, but they are content to tolerate it for the sake of those who do like it. The true patrons of the organ-man are the poor generally—the women especially, whose lives are often very dull and monotonous—children of all classes, and female servants. The haters of street-music are, we take it, rather a small body. They are mostly of the male sex, they are not very young, they are often bachelors, and they are also of a rather cross-grained and eccentric disposition. It is this infirmity of temper which unfortunately often makes them the

subjects of persecution. The organ-man would not pester them *per se*, but he is set on by mischievous neighbours, who have been either angered or amused by the victim's objurgations, and who want, as they phrase it, "to get the old man's shirt out." Surely it is scarcely necessary to alter the law for the sake of a few persons, and thereby deprive an immense number of people of an innocent pleasure, since under present regulations an objector can prevent a street-musician from performing within a certain distance of his habitation. After all, there are worse noises in the streets than street-music. The bawling of a body of costers, all simultaneously shouting something at a fabulously low price, is far more nerve-distracting than the wheeziest of piano-organs. Still, something might be done in the way of regulation, but rather with the object of benefiting street-music lovers than of obliging street-music haters. For instance, street-bands, instead of performing in main thoroughfares, where most of their dulcet (or distressing) sounds are drowned by the noise of the traffic, might be officially accommodated in quieter localities, where the public who wished to hear them would soon find them out.

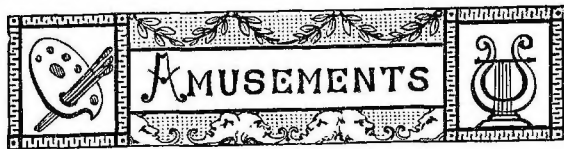
PRESS AND POST OFFICE.—The great institution in St. Martin's-le-Grand has made so many concessions to the Fourth Estate, that any grumbling from the journalistic ranks has a savour of ingratitude. It is not to be denied that newspapers are transmitted by post at very cheap rates; so cheap, that one may well suspect whether part of the cost is not defrayed out of the pockets of letter-writers. Such, however, is the wish of the whole community, now that nearly all its adult members are newspaper readers in some degree. And among them, none derive more pleasure or profit from the study than the subscribers to technical and trade journals. It is not well advised, therefore, on the part of the Postmaster-General to draw a hard and fast line against periodicals of that sort. In the ordinary sense of the term, they may not be "newspapers;" that is, they do not give their readers the matter which ordinarily goes by the name of "news." But Mr. Kibblewhite, the proprietor of two well-known papers of this type, argues that their contents are, to their readers, very real "news." Indeed, that is the very reason why artisans and the superior class of workmen take in technical journals; they wish to inform their minds by reading the very latest information about their respective callings. No doubt, the Post Office has a very difficult task to differentiate between "newspapers" and "periodicals." But in this particular instance, every consideration favours the relaxation of the strict rule within reasonable limits. Another minor matter to which the Postmaster might give a thought is whether any particular advantage results to the Post Office from compelling newspapers to print the date of issue on every page. If no great gain accrues to St. Martin's le Grand—how it possibly can, is not easy to see—the abolition of the regulation would be very welcome to the Press, as it often causes grave inconvenience.

THE LEPER FUND.—On Monday evening the Prince of Wales spoke with much force and eloquence about the sad condition of those who have been struck by the terrible disease of leprosy, and we do not doubt that there will be a handsome response to his appeal on their behalf. Unfortunately, it is anything but certain that the two travelling scholarships, which are to be established for the study of leprosy, will be of very great service. The malady is so obscure, and the conditions which lead to it are apparently so complicated, that it may baffle the most careful and elaborate research. Still, an examination of the facts must necessarily be the first step, and science has solved so many hard problems that her success, even in this difficult investigation, is not wholly impossible. So far as the more general objects of the Fund are concerned, there can be no difference of opinion. Every one must agree that such help as can be rendered to lepers ought to be given freely and generously. There is not much reason to fear that the disease will ever again find in this country the conditions favourable to its growth. Our forefathers were only too familiar with it; but it now survives merely in isolated cases, and the reason of this must be that it has little scope for development in a community where some respect is shown for the abiding laws of public health. According to the Prince of Wales, who had no doubt excellent authority for his statements, there are probably more than 200,000 lepers in India; and, however well that country may be governed, we cannot hope that the frightful energy of the disease will soon be appreciably diminished. The fate of its victims is as miserable as any that can overtake a human being. Cut off from society, they necessarily become the prey of morbid fancies, and the grim enemy into whose clutches they have fallen steadily tightens its grip until they die. For such unhappy sufferers very little can be done, but what aid can be provided ought surely not to be withheld.

APPLES.—A prolonged and interesting newspaper correspondence has recently been carried on concerning fruit-growing in this country, apples being the chief subject of discussion. The apple, too, maintained its ancient reputation, derived from the days of Paris and Helen, of being an occasion of discord. Some of the disputants—and they were men of horticultural skill—waxed quite hot. Some species of

apple, which were praised by one man as the most profitable and delicious fruit that could be grown, were condemned by another as worthless. All this is rather disappointing to the town-bred person, who in mature years retains a school-boyish fondness for apples, only combined with a fastidiousness unknown to the *dura ilia* of the schoolboy, who will complacently devour an apple which has a stomach-ache in every pip. The adult apple-lover knows the apples he likes; he may be fond of a dozen or more varieties, all varying in flavour, but all good of their kind, and, being a patriot as well as an apple-lover, he would be glad to know that these favourite fruits of his could be grown successfully and profitably in his native land. Hence he has followed the correspondence with considerable interest, but the last letter of the series has greatly dashed his hopes, for in it Mr. Swann bluntly asserts that our climate is too moist and too cloudy to grow really fine apples. Our forefathers were obliged to be content with English apples because they could get no better; but now that all the world is our market (even distant Tasmania sends her *quota*), the native fruit is hopelessly distanced in the race by the produce of sunnier and drier climates. We wish Mr. Swann could be proved to be in error, but we fear there is truth in what he says.

POOR-LAW MALADMINISTRATION.—It used to be freely predicted that the unpopularity of our State system of poor relief would wear off in course of time. The masses would recognise, it was said, the necessity of placing restrictions on this dispensation of public charity to guard against abuse. Whether that recognition has come home to their minds or not, it is beyond question that the Poor Laws have become more unpopular than ever among the working classes. Not, however, by reason of any inherent defect in the system itself; it is probably as good a one as the wit of man could invent. It is the perfunctory spirit which governs the administration that rasps the poor—the meshes of red tape and the quaking bogs of officialism that often prevent the State from accomplishing its object. What is it but a public scandal that an unfortunate workman, out of employ should have been kept trotting about the streets of Birmingham day after day, before he could gain admission to the workhouse? He and his two children were absolutely destitute—without home, food, fuel, or money. Yet they were bandied from pillar to post, because some rule, regulation, or bye-law seemed to tell against their claim on public charity. Such cases are quite common; there is not, probably, a single stipendiary magistrate but deals with scores every year. But no fault lies with the Poor Law system; its whole governing idea is to insure prompt assistance being given to every destitute person. That, too, is the wish of the ratepayers, and most of them believe that it is duly carried out. It is the machinery that is to blame; as in other cases, officialdom has acquired certain habits and methods which grip it too tightly to admit of the free play of human feeling. Guardians and relieving officers are not less kind-hearted than other people, but use and wont have become second natures to most of them, and, unhappily, use and wont are almost only too often to the prescriptions of humanity. And that is the reason why the Poor Laws have come into detestation among the very classes they are intended to benefit.



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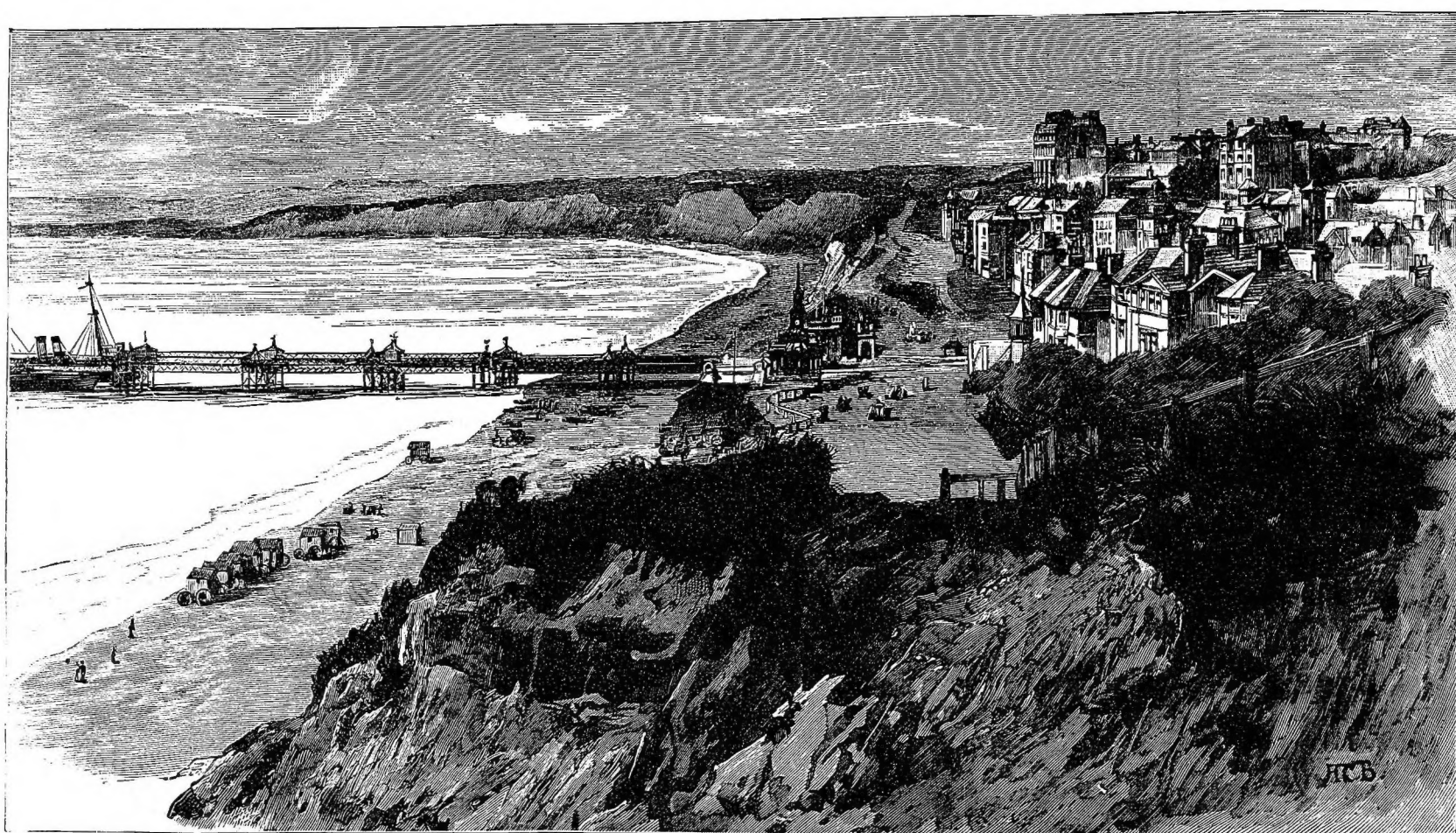
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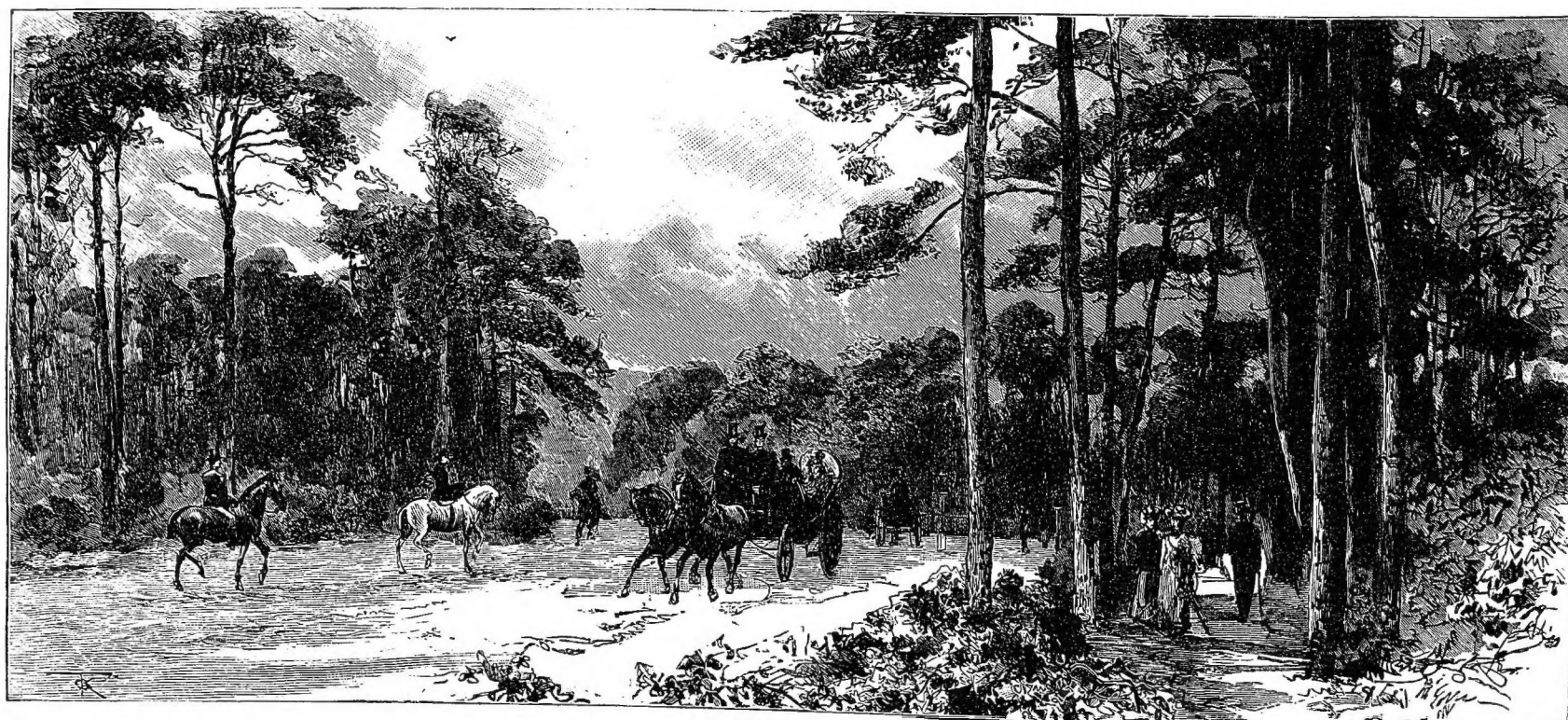
VIEW IN PUBLIC GARDENS



BRANKSOME CHINE—ENTRANCE FROM THE SANDS



VIEW OF BOURNEMOUTH FROM EAST CLIFF

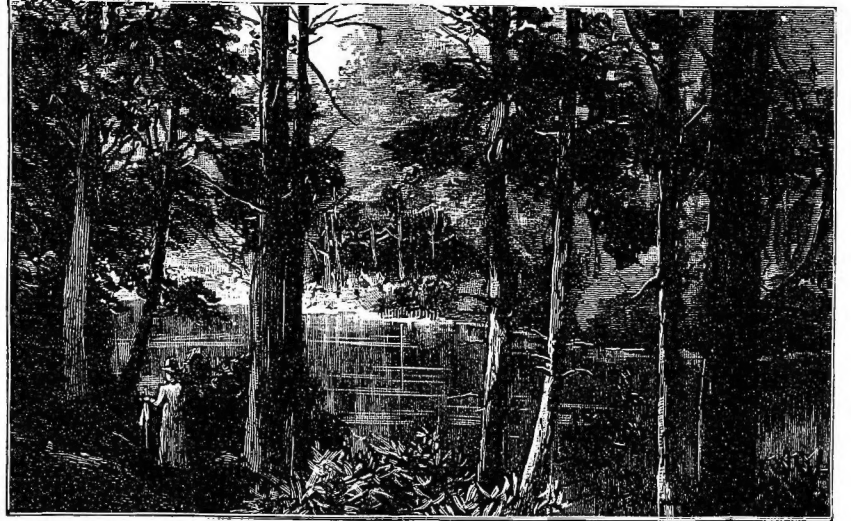


GERVIS ROAD

THE VISIT OF THE PRINCE OF WALES TO BOURNEMOUTH



BOSCOMBE CHINE



THE LAKES—BRANKSOME CHINE



THE INVALIDS' WALK IN PUBLIC GARDENS



VIEW IN PUBLIC GARDENS

THE VISIT OF THE PRINCE OF WALES TO BOURNEMOUTH



AN AWKWARD PREDICAMENT ON AN INDIAN RAILWAY

"A PERMANENT WAY INSPECTOR on the Dacca Mymensing Railway," says Mr. G. Mills, of Duntersborne House, Cirencester, to whom we are indebted for our sketch, "was one day trolleying over his length, when he suddenly saw four tigers in front of him on the line—at the bottom of a steep decline. The native trolley-men let go the trolley, and left Kelly, the Permanent Way Inspector, to his fate. Kelly applied the brake, and in vain tried to stop. On his approach, however, the tigers walked slowly into the jungle. Kelly, still pale with fright, told me this story on the day of its occurrence. Afterwards, whenever I met him on his trolley, he was always armed with an ancient-looking gun. The place where this occurred was Mile Thirty-four, in the middle of the Madapur Forest, and I knew that there were tigers and cubs at the place, because their footprints could be seen almost daily in the side trenches of the railway cutting. The Dacca Railway runs for twenty miles through a dense sal forest, which is inhabited by very few people, and is infested with tigers, bears, sambur, pig, and hog-deer. During the construction of the railway I was in charge of this length, and enjoyed many a good day's sport."

THE PRINCE OF WALES AT BOURNEMOUTH

IN connection with His Royal Highness's visit we publish below a portrait of Mr. Joseph Cutler, a popular citizen of Bournemouth, and an energetic Town Commissioner. In that capacity "Good old Joe," as he is familiarly called, is a leading spirit in the arrangement of all sorts of festivities—regattas, sports, and the like—and, we doubt not, has been quite in his element in superintending the



arrangements for giving the Prince a right Royal welcome. Our engravings (the remainder of which are described on page 84) are from photographs as follows:—Mr. Cutler, Canford Manor, the Victoria Hospital, and Shelley Memorial by G. West and Son, Bournemouth, and the views of Bournemouth on pages 64 and 65 by H. J. Atkins, 16, Firs Glen, Bournemouth.

"MADAME LEROUX,"

A NEW serial story, by Frances Eleanor Trollope, illustrated by Percy Macquoid, begins this week.

THE KING OF SPAIN AND HIS MOTHER, THE QUEEN REGENT

DURING the last few days the eyes of the civilised world have been sympathetically fixed on Spain, whose infant Monarch lay apparently at death's door, though at the time we write there appear to be good hopes of his recovery. Childhood is naturally so bright and buoyant, that serious illness always seems when it seizes on one of these little ones like a ghastly incongruity. Moreover, the sadness and anxiety in the case of the little King was intensified by the fact that he was the only son of his widowed mother, a woman who has shown both courage and capacity in the responsible office that she fills as Regent of Spain. And as, in the event of the little King's death, the successor to the Throne would be a girl, it is quite possible that troubles would arise either from the Carlist or the Republican parties, or from both. Consequently, by loyal and patriotic Spaniards, the birth of King Alphonso on May 17th, 1886 (his lamented father had died on November 25th previously) was regarded as a providential occurrence, and in the Cortes the President, Señor Martos, declared that the new King "is an additional hostage for fortune and a banner for the Constitutional Monarchy, which is now identified in this country with peace, prosperity, and liberty." Previous to this the Prime Minister, Señor Sagasta, had presented the youthful Prince, reclining on a cushion, which was placed on a silver salver, to the throng of Ministers, officials, and grantees, who are in such cases entitled to "a private view." His youthful Majesty, we are told, made his voice heard as the Premier raised the cry of "Viva el Rey." The accounts given of the little sufferer during his recent illness will win the sympathy of all mothers. For instance, the cutting off of his golden curls, his plaintive remark that "It is always night now, as I never get up," his distaste for soup, and weariness of the number of people round his bed; his endeavours, as he felt a little better, to play with his toys, Eiffel Tower, ball-fight, and all; and then lastly, his opening his eyes, and, on seeing his mother (who had sat by his bedside for five nights without undressing), putting his little arms round her neck, and exclaiming, "Mamita, how I love you!"—Our engraving is from a photograph by Fernando Debas, Alcala 31, Madrid.

THE EMPRESS AUGUSTA

We published last week a portrait and brief biography of the late Empress. Our portrait this week is from a drawing by the late George H. Thomas, executed in 1861 for his large picture of the Coronation at Königsberg, which he painted for Her Majesty the Queen, and which is now in Her Majesty's collection. It represents the Empress in the robes she wore at the Coronation, when, as the Princess Royal (now the Empress Frederick) wrote to the Queen at the time, she "looked beautiful, and did all she had to do with such perfect grace, and looked so 'vornehm' (distinguished)."

SIR HENRY LOCH'S ARRIVAL AT CAPE TOWN

See page 83

HISTORY OF A LION CUB

See pp. 73 et seqq.

THE ROCKET LIFE-SAVING APPARATUS

THE late Captain G. W. Manby, F.R.S. (born 1765, died 1854), was the inventor of the mortar apparatus, and therefore of the system of the rocket apparatus. The idea occurred to him in

February, 1807, when present at a shipwreck. In the next two years he saved several crews by throwing lines over the wrecks. It was, however, to Mr. John Dennett, of Newport, I.W., that we owe the first rocket by which life was saved. In 1855 Colonel Boxer designed a new rocket—a combination of two rockets in one case, one being a continuation of the other, so that the first compartment carried the projectile to its full elevation, and the second gave an additional impetus. This rocket was the same in principle as that now used. The apparatus and the method of working it may be thus briefly described:—

A rocket is fired which carries a line over the ship, the crew haul on the rocket line, and this brings an endless rope (called a whip) to a mast or some other portion of the wreck high above the water. Those on shore then haul off to the ship a hawser attached to the whip, which is made fast to the mast or other portion of the wreck about eighteen inches above the whip. Those on shore then set the hawser up and send off to the ship the sling life-buoy. When the buoy reaches the ship one of the shipwrecked persons gets into it, and it is hauled back with its occupant.

This process is repeated till all, or as many as possible, are saved. The Board of Trade issue millboard-tablets with instructions to the crews of vessels. These tablets are supplied gratuitously to ship-owners for placing on their vessels in a conspicuous position. In 1888 there were 291 rocket-apparatus stations in the United Kingdom. The rocket-line is 500 yards long, and the hawser 240 yards.

The average time which elapses from the officer giving the word "action" till the buoy is hauled ashore is nine or ten minutes. The number of lives saved from shipwreck on the coasts of the United Kingdom by the rocket apparatus and assistance with ropes, &c., from shore, from July, 1856, to June, 1887, inclusive, was 11,080.—Our engravings are from photographs sent us by Mr. W. S. Miller, 9, Langhorne Gardens, Folkestone.

TROOPS LEAVING CAIRO FOR INDIA

OUR engraving (which is from a sketch by Mr. Reginald Barratt of Cairo) represents the King's Own Scottish Borderers leaving the Citadel, Cairo, on New Year's Day, for India. The regiment was about 1,000 strong, and was commanded by Colonel Talbot Coke. The order of march was as follows:—First, the drum-major; then two rows of pipers, then the band, then the Colonel on horseback, and then the remainder of the regiment. The departure was witnessed by the usual motley crowd of natives, wearing turbans, the skull-caps, or fezzes, and draped in white, blue, and black. On the day following the regiment, which had been extremely popular during its eighteen months' sojourn in Cairo, embarked at Suez, on board the troop-ship *Serapis*, for Bombay.

SKETCHES IN THE ROYAL COURTS OF JUSTICE

See page 80

THE POST OFFICE GROUP

FRIDAY, January 10th, was the Jubilee of the Penny Post, and the event was to be celebrated on Wednesday last by a grand banquet at the Holborn Restaurant, at which Sir Arthur Blackwood, Permanent Secretary to the Post Office, was announced to take the chair. Accordingly, we this week present to our readers a portrait-group of those now alive who have been most intimately connected with the Post Office and its success. Some will be surprised to find the Duke of Argyll and Lord Hartington among the past Postmasters General, as their work at the Post Office has been eclipsed by their subsequent successes in other departments; but, even now, one can hardly think of the Post Office without thinking of the Duke of Rutland, who as Lord John Manners was Postmaster General from 1874 to 1880, and again in 1885. Lord Emly (then William Monsell, Esq., M.P.) held office from 1870 to 1874, when he was raised to the Peerage; while the terms of Sir Lyon Playfair and Mr. Shaw-Lefevre are only to be measured by months. With Mr. Raikes, who has held office since 1886, and has during that time carried out many useful reforms, the public is sufficiently familiar. But, of course, the brunt of the work does not fall upon the Postmaster General, but upon the other gentlemen represented in our group—the permanent officials, who, whether a Liberal or a Tory Government is in power, maintain the even tenor of their way, and carry on the postal business of the country, without heeding politics or party.

Our portraits are from photographs as follows:—The Duke of Argyll and Sir Arthur Blackwood, by Elliott and Fry, 55, Baker Street, W.; the Duke of Rutland, by A. F. Mackenzie, Birnam, Perthshire, N.B.; Lord Emly, from an unnamed photo; the Marquis of Hartington, by Barraud, 263, Oxford Street, W.; Sir Lyon Playfair, by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street and Cheapside; Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, by Window and Grove, 63A, Baker Street, W.; Mr. F. E. Baines, by Nesbitt, 48, High Road, Kilburn, N.W.; Mr. A. M. Cunynghame, by a photographer at 103, Princes Street, Edinburgh; Mr. Cecil Raikes, by Samuel A. Walker, 230, Regent Street, W.; Mr. H. Joyce, by S. V. White, Reading; Mr. A. Turnor, by Palmer, Clarence Studios, Kingston-on-Thames.

NOTE.—Some sketches, entitled "Scenes on the Congo," appearing in our issue of December 14th last, were in error attributed to Mr. C. E. Fripp. In reality, they were the work of Mr. E. P. Glave, care of Major Pond, Everett House, New York City, and were obtained by him in Central Africa with much difficulty and at considerable risk.



LORD SALISBURY is progressing satisfactorily at Hatfield, where he remains for the present.—Lord Hartington, who has been suffering severely from congestion of the lungs, is also improving, the feverish symptoms having subsided.—Mr. Balfour, now in Dublin, is recovering rapidly, and hopes to be able soon to attend officially at the Castle.—Mr. Ritchie, the President of the Local Government Board, is a little better, but is forbidden by his medical advisers to transact business for some days.—Sir Francis Knollys is gaining strength, but is strictly confined to his room.

THE EPIHEMIC OF INFLUENZA seems somewhat abating in virulence, especially among the military, and the number of employees of the General Post Office absent as invalids, which was 2,053 at the end of last week, sank on Tuesday to 1,566. The Rev. R. Baxendale, Vicar of St. John's, Maidstone, died on Tuesday from inflammation of the lungs supervening on influenza.

MR. GLADSTONE spoke on India at Hawarden on Monday, after a lecture there on the same subject by his son, Mr. Herbert Gladstone. He said that no section of the population of India wished to see the British power replaced by any other, and that our trade with India at this moment was as great as our trade with the whole world had been at the beginning of the century.—On Monday, at Alton, Lord Selborne delivered an able address in defence of the Government and the Unionists; while at Canterbury Professor Bryce attacked both. On Tuesday, at Nottingham, Mr. T. W. Russell made a

spirited reply to Mr. Parnell's recent speech there, and defined the Irish policy of the Gladstonians to be one of "chucking things up."

THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL at its first meeting on Tuesday after the recess was addressed by Lord Hobhouse in support of the recommendations of the Corporate Property Committee, one of which was that any land belonging to the Council should in a general way be sold rather than leased for ninety-nine years. The recommendations, instead of being approved, were referred to the Finance Committee to be reported on. An acrimonious discussion arose out of a motion by the Rev. Fleming Williams to suspend a Standing Order and declare the urgency of deciding how best the Council should welcome Mr. H. M. Stanley on his arrival in London. The mover's conception of such a welcome was by no means magnificent; "a simple address," he thought, would be sufficient. In opposing this motion Mr. John Burns posed as a humanitarian, and on the strength of a brief residence somewhere in Africa denounced Mr. Stanley's treatment of natives, pronouncing him to be "no pioneer of civilisation," but the "vanguard of a shoddy commercialism." Ultimately Mr. Williams's motion was withdrawn.

THE SOUTH LONDON GAS-WORKERS on strike continue to hold meetings and listen to speeches. But Mr. Livesey has pointed out to them that their struggle is futile. His company have now almost got back to what was the normal supply of gas before the strike, and the captains of their coal-ships in the Thames say that they require no men to man them.

AT A SUBSCRIPTION DINNER on Monday, the Prince of Wales in the chair, in aid of the National Leprosy Fund, speeches were made by his Royal Highness, and by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, Sir Andrew Clark, and the President of the Royal College of Surgeons. Subscriptions amounting to 2,300l. were announced, making 7,000l. the total sum raised.

THE DEATH, in her seventy-fifth year, is announced of Mrs. FitzGeorge, wife of the Duke of Cambridge, who, before marriage, was a popular danseuse and actress. Her married life has been one of great happiness, and during His Royal Highness's illness she went to the Crimea to nurse him. Two of their sons are officers in the army, and a third is an officer in the navy. During the long illness which has ended fatally, the Queen, it is understood, made frequent inquiries respecting her state.

OUR OBITUARY includes the death, in his twenty-ninth year, from an attack of influenza, of the second Earl Cairns; in her eighty-sixth year, of Viscountess Kingsland, widow of the sixth Viscount Kingsland, whom in middle life the dishonesty of a trustee reduced to such poverty that she was forced to earn her living by needlework, receiving, however, in 1878, 100l. from the Royal Bounty Fund, and subsequently a small pension; in her eighty-seventh year, of Mrs. Marianne S. Vicars, mother of the late Captain Hedley Vicars, killed at the siege of Sebastopol, her "Memorials" of whom, published in 1855, enjoyed a great popularity in the religious world; of Sir Thomas Edward Colebrooke, Bart., Lord Lieutenant of Lanarkshire, and for more than forty years a respected Liberal member of the House of Commons, until, on refusing to become a Home Ruler, he was rejected in favour of a Gladstonian by North-East Lanarkshire in 1886, the biographer of his father, the eminent Oriental scholar, and of Mountstuart Elphinstone, the distinguished Anglo-Indian official and historian of India; in his sixty-third year, of Sir Charles B. Locock, Bart., son of Sir Charles Locock, the eminent physician; in his seventy-ninth year, of Sir Charles R. McGrigor, Bart.; in his ninety-first year, of Mr. Anthony Lefroy, formerly M.P. for Dublin University, and son of the late Lord Chief Justice Lefroy; in his eighty-fifth year, of General William Y. Moore, an accomplished numismatologist, the sale of whose second collection of coins last year occupied nine days, and realised several thousands of pounds; in or about his eighty-second year, of the Rev. Dr. Phelps, Master of Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge, the Senior of the heads of houses in the University, and brother of the late Samuel Phelps, the eminent actor; in his sixty-sixth year, of Mr. Patrick Cumin, Secretary of the Education Department, who acted as Private Secretary to the late Mr. W. E. Forster, then Vice-President of the Council of Education, at the time of the passing of the Elementary Education Act; in his fifty-sixth year, of Mr. William W. Streeter, late Chief Justice of the South African Settlements; in his fifty-seventh year, of Dr. George Moore, the eminent specialist in throat and chest affections, of whom many of the members of the Royal Family, the Princess of Wales among them, have been patients; in his seventy-seventh year, of Dr. W. L. F. Fischer, a native of Germany, Emeritus Professor of Mathematics in the University of St. Andrew's; and in his seventy-second year, of Mr. David Adamson, who was the leading promoter of the Manchester Ship Canal, during its Parliamentary struggles in 1882-5. Besides his extensive engineering works at Dukinfield, he had a considerable interest in several prosperous industrial undertakings in the North of England, and was in 1887 President of the Iron and Steel Institute. It was at a meeting convened by him that the Provisional Committee for the Manchester Ship Canal was formed, and he was the principal witness for its promoters before successive Parliamentary Committees. Some time after the passing of the Act which authorised it, financial discussions supervened, in the course of which Mr. Adamson retired from active connection with the scheme.



THE adjourned inquest on the little victims of the Forest Gate disaster was resumed on Wednesday, this week. One of the witnesses was Mr. Henry John Cook, Chairman of the Board of Management of the Forest Gate School District, who, in reply to questions by the jury, said that it was considered necessary to keep the doors on the stone staircase locked. On this a juror remarked that he had received letters from the Royal Naval School at Greenwich and Regent's Park School in which it was stated that there was no locking the doors at night. In the latter school the police could walk through at any hour of the night. Several of the witnesses gave evidence indirectly proving the sudden and probably painless nature of the deaths. No screams or cries for assistance were heard proceeding from either of the dormitories. The inquiry was adjourned until Monday next.

ANY CURIOSITY that may be felt as to the circulation of the *Times*, at least in 1887 and 1888, will soon be tolerably satisfied. Among the interrogatories administered to it in the action for libel brought against it by Mr. Parnell is one as to its circulation on certain days in those years on which the alleged libels were published. The *Times* declined to reply to the question on several grounds, among them the difficulty and trouble attendant on an inquiry of the kind, and also because the information asked for was irrelevant. The Queen's Bench Division, however, have decided that the circulation given to the alleged libels has a direct bearing on the amount of the damages to be awarded to Mr. Parnell should the verdict be in his favour, and the *Times* has been ordered to furnish within a week an approximate statement of its circulation

on those days. A retainer (from the *Times* has, it is said, been declined by the Solicitor-General, Sir Edward Clarke, on the ground of his connection with the Government.

THE BOLD BOAT KEEPER who lately championed the rights of the public (and of himself) to the free use and navigation of the River Mole, as previously chronicled in this column, was, it turns out, an uncertificated bankrupt at the time of his litigation with the riparian proprietor, who denied the existence of any such right. Mr. Justice Kay, it may be remembered, when deciding against the boat keeper, did so with regret. He has appealed to the Court of Appeal, and to this Court the riparian proprietor applied for an order that his opponent should lodge a sum of 500*l.* as security for the costs in the appeal. The appellant's counsel contended that the case was taken out of the general rule because his client was "fighting the cause of the teeming millions who were interested in keeping the river open for public recreation." The Court made an order reducing to 200*l.* the sum to be lodged, Lord Justice Lindley remarking that, "if the 'teeming millions' chose to fight under the cloak of an uncertificated bankrupt, they must find the money."

MISCELLANEOUS.—In a case before Mr. Justice Mathew on Monday an adjournment was asked for, and granted, in consequence of the influenza having made a victim of the Attorney-General, who was a leading counsel engaged in the case.—On the same plea a number of jurymen, grand and petty, were excused attendance on Monday at the opening of the January Sessions of the Central Criminal Court, and of those for the County of London.—The Corporation of London, in the interest of the citizens, have resolved to appeal against the recent decision of a Divisional Court, according to which a voter duly qualified and registered in more than one electoral division of the area of a County Council can only vote in one of them.—Whether it be that the fear of damages or of exposure is becoming more deterrent in preventing lovers from making proposals of marriage which they are not resolved at all risks to act on, or for whatever other reason, it seems that the Cause List of the Queen's Bench Division for the term now opening contains only one case of breach of promise among more than a thousand others.—At the Central Criminal Court, the young man mentioned in a previous issue as having stolen letters from pillar-boxes in South London districts was sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment with hard labour.

LORD NAPIER OF MAGDALA

THE influenza added another to the list of distinguished victims when, on Tuesday afternoon, Lord Napier of Magdala succumbed to an attack which seized him on Saturday evening. Robert Cornelius Napier was the son of Major C. F. Napier, of the Royal Artillery, and was born in Ceylon in the year 1810. He was educated at Addiscombe, and in 1826 received a commission in the Bengal Engineers, and left England for India. For a time no special opportunity of distinguishing himself was afforded him, but all the work which fell to his lot was admirably done. He served through the Sutlej campaign, acted as engineer to the Durbar of Lahore, was present in the same capacity at the two sieges of Multan, and was with Lord Gough at the victory of Goojerat. As Chief Engineer, first in the Punjab and then in Bengal, Napier did much to improve the communications of the country. When the Mutiny broke out he was appointed Chief of the Staff to Sir James Outram, and for his brilliant services was given the ribbon of the Bath and awarded the thanks of Parliament. In the Chinese War of 1860 he once more distinguished himself, though again as second in command. Indeed, it was curious that a man who had been so uniformly successful as Napier was not given an independent command long before. However, after being for a long time Military Member of the Council of India, and for two years, 1865 to 1867, Commander-in-Chief at Bombay, he at last in the latter year found his opportunity. The Government decided to send out an expedition to Abyssinia, to rescue the English prisoners from King Theodore, and selected Napier for the duty. The history of that campaign, ending with the storming of Magdala, need not be retold here. Suffice it to say that Napier was once more successful, that he was raised to the Peerage, and that a pension of 2,000*l.* a-year for two lives was granted him. From 1870 to 1875 he was Commander-in-Chief in India; he afterwards was Governor of Gibraltar till 1882, when he resigned the post and was raised to the rank of Field-Marshal, and in 1886 he was appointed Constable of the Tower. In 1878, when there was a prospect of war with Russia, he was to have commanded the expeditionary force. One of the highest compliments ever paid him was by Mr. Gladstone when he said that "Burke would never have lamented the decay of the age of chivalry had a Robert Napier flourished in his day." Lord Napier was twice married, and had thirteen children, of whom twelve survive him. He is succeeded in the title by his eldest son, Colonel the Hon. Robert William Napier.—Our portrait is from a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street and Cheapside.

AN ANTIPODEAN BOXING DAY

A FEW days after I arrived in Tasmania, a couple of Christmases ago, I paid a visit to the little town of Carnarvon, on the Peninsula. I was anxious to see as much as I could of the coast and country as well as the "chopping," "splitting," and "fiddling" matches, which I heard always took place there on Boxing Day—matches peculiar to the colonies but unknown to me, being a "new chum." Accordingly I cast in my lot with several hundreds of other "trippers" on board the steamer *Cadwallader*, which left Hobart early in the morning, and passed swiftly down the widening Derwent into the open sea-world of the Southern Ocean to meet the strong resisting rush of the great breakers which beat with a rhythmic thunder beneath the sharp-cut cliffs of Cape Raoul.

At midday we steamed into the quiet bay, Port Arthur, blue above us, blue beneath us, past a range of sober grey-green hills, past the solitary "Isle of the Dead," until we dropped anchor alongside the jetty, stretching like a curved black arm over the water, and wended our way ashore. The little town was given over to a thorough holiday—the low-verandahed houses set amid gardens, as well as the cottages up the main street, stood with closed doors, a sign that the dwellers were "not at home." On the huge open grassy space by the edge of the bay, the Carnarvon folk were assembled, standing in little friendly clusters, clad in holiday attire, greeting and meeting friends, or simply watching the crowds invading their picturesque kingdom. The whole picture beautified with midsummer sunshine, and the air spiced with eucalyptus scent from the giant sentinel trees in the background.

"But how about the Chopping Match?" I ask, and am accordingly led to the scene of action.

What I see is a roped-in space in the centre of the green, inside

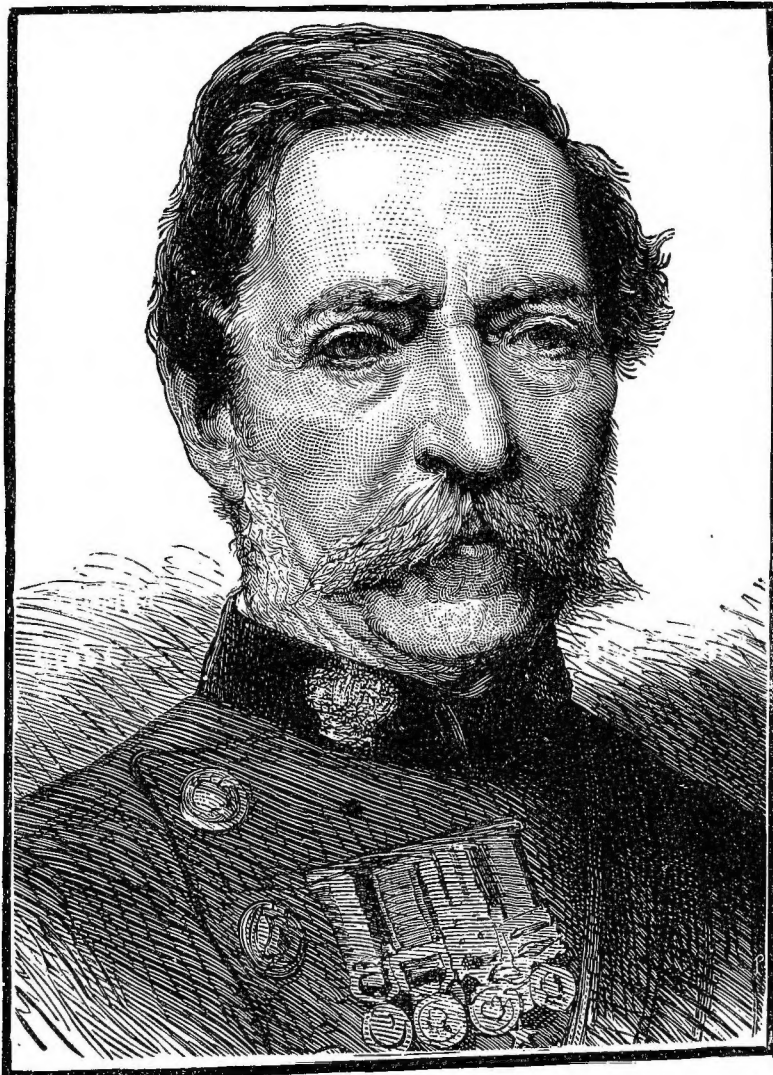
which lie a row of five great round logs, stripped of their bark and pared smooth, each some four feet in length and about two feet six across, laid on "chocks" at each end, and placed a yard or two apart. As I look at them the people begin to gather round the ring. I hear scraps of eager conversation, and learn that the Peninsula men are going to chop against the Champion of Tasmania—and here come the choppers!

Clad in thin woven jerseys, bare-headed, stocking-footed, the five strong young bushmen mount on to the logs, each armed with a long American axe. The ring of spectators thickens, drawing closer to the rope, inside which are now the starter, watch in hand, some of the committee, and one or two lads with sticks. I take a look at the men, and mentally back my special one, a strong-looking tall young fellow belonging to the Peninsula contingent. "Are you ready?"—each man grasps his axe in position. "Go!" The three first men start with a steady swing of the axe—to right, to left—in crashing blows on the front of the log, and with a ripping wrench the first huge slice flies out!—another and another. "Go!" and my man's handicap is over, and his axe descends in masterly fashion. Another stroke or two. "Go!" the Champion is upon us. The axes flash in the sunlight, and the great chips, some pounds in weight, fly and fall.

It is a breathless time of glancing steel and sounding blows, mingled with the sharp ripping noise as each chip is wrenched out, and the wide cleft in each log narrows towards the centre, as if a Titan slice had been cut out. And now the Champion turns quick as lightning, and stands, with his back to us, hewing, with rapid, telling force, at the other side of the log. A breath more, and my man (No. 2) turns also, and Nos. 3 and 4 are round after him, No. 5 following after a stroke more. A babel of shouts and encouragement rises, "Go it, Jim!" "Good boy, Jack!" "Lift her, Bob!" as friends, sweet-hearts, and wives each cheer on their own special man, mingled with words of advice from experienced axemen, "Keep a wider chip, Jim!" "Wider, Bob!" "Give it her now, Jack!"

Therow of strong sinewy figures rises and bends; the axes gleam, and leap upborne by swinging arms, and fall in quickening, rhythmic blows; the lads rake out the chips with a quick movement between the axes' rise and fall. "Go it, Jack, Jack, JACK!" "Lift her, Bob!" "Good boy, Bob!" The Champion's log shivers; a strong stroke, and the axe is through the thin juncture of the two wedge-like gaps. But my man simultaneously does the same, and his log falls in two triumphant halves a breath before the Champion's. And as they jump down as the halves fall apart, and amidst a clamour of applauding voices are borne away, panting and spent, to receive hearty thumps on the back and words of approval from joyful friends, I can hardly realise that it has only lasted four minutes, and that the Peninsula has gained the Championship!

In about a quarter of an hour a move is made to the space, rope-enclosed, for the splitting-match.



Five or six stalwart young fellows, some of the "choppers" being amongst their number, stand within the circle. Beside each man lies a heap of ten gum billets, six feet long, seven inches square, out of which a hundred palings are expected to be split,—palings being six foot planks about a quarter of an inch thick, used throughout the colonies for the well-known fences. The gum-wood out of which they are split is so heavy that it stands firm and solid through the fierce onslaughts of a chopping match, and sinks at once in water.

But the splitters are preparing for action. Each man bears this time a mallet and a strong splitting-knife, shaped somewhat like a joiner's square, the blade and handle being at right angles to one another. Propping their first billet in a slanting position against a support, which brings the higher end about on a level with their chests, and placing the knife against the top, they stand ready for the starter's call. As soon as the word is given, down come the mallets on the knives, sending them some way down the billet; then, as a rule, hastily flinging the mallet on the ground, they swiftly push the knives with a strong, steady, downward stroke, before which the billet splits to the bottom, and as each paling falls, it is gathered up by an attendant lad and placed on its paling heap. The heavy planks are split, and fall like loose stalks from an unbound sheaf, the splitters rising with each blow of the mallet and bending with each sweep of the knife—some of the more excited ones leaping at the knife after the blow has helped it to make its entrance, and forcing it downward with resistless

impetus. Quickly as the eye can follow the palings fall, and in a few minutes all is over. Piles of fresh smelling, pink-centred gum palings lie in the place of the billets, waiting to be judged not only for the speed of their manufacture and for the greatest quantity out of the allowance of wood, but for their quality as regards even and straight splitting.

I had a vague notion that some rival village musical talent would now be displayed, and wondered if, like "Old King Cole" of nursery repute, we were expected to call for our "pipe and bowl" as well as our "fiddlers three." "Fiddlers three" there were, and "every fiddler had brought his fiddle." No delicate Stradivarius, with a world of music hidden in its graceful shell, but a stout log, two feet thick; and, for bow, no light, mother-of-pearl studded, waker of the violin's soul, but a swaying, two-handled, cross-cut saw. As a rule, there is not much poetry about "an old saw," but it has an edge, and works down to the pith of things.

As before the little interested crowd collects, and, at the given word, the "fiddlers" begin. Quick work this. The three great quivering saws flashing backwards and forwards in the sunlight, the sawdust flying out before them. Surely it is the song of earnest work—of strong endeavour—of the noble development of a growing nation that these strange bows are playing?

I hardly hear the applause as the winner's log lies asunder, after a brief attack upon it. After all, what is the meaning of the strife between man and wood that I have seen to-day? Is it not the steady advance of mankind as, clearing a path before them, they penetrate into new country, setting free the fresh and untried earth for their use, and it may be laying the foundations of a young and advancing nation—child of our noble country, "Home" now and always to her loyal children in her far-off mighty possessions.

A. V. M.



MESSRS. J. CURWEN AND SONS.—In the musical world children are well cared for by some of the best composers. "Mabel's Songs for Little Singers," written and composed by A. J. Foxwell and G. Nakonz, are on subjects which will please the young folks, set to simple tunes, which will catch the ear and quickly be learnt by heart. Most of the poems have a little moral in the last verse. Amongst nearly a hundred songs contained in the two parts of this collection it is difficult to choose; but we are sure that the favourites will be "My Dolly is Fair" (11), "Are Feathers Falling?" (14), "Softly, my Baby, Slumber" (17), "Queen Bess was at Dinner" (36), "See! upon the Window-Sill" (45), "Come, Raise your Merry Voices" (54), "Men of the Future, Boys of the Present" (49), and "Ever To and Fro" (72).

THE LONDON MUSIC PUBLISHING COMPANY.—"Ten Love Songs," words by modern poets, music by Erskine Allon, are of more than average merit. Amongst them will be found variety enough to suit all tastes.—The above-mentioned composer has published a well-written Sonata in G minor for the pianoforte. This (his twelfth) work shows that he is making steady progress.—Waltzes are more popular than any other dances this season; hence it is that so many composers flood the music market with them. "Dream Memories" is a danceable arrangement as a waltz, by Charles Deacon, of Lindsay Lennox's popular song, "Sweet Sweetheart."—"Breaking Waves Valse," by Harrison Russell, and "Spring of Love Waltz," by Joseph Spaworth, are fairly good specimens of their school.

MISCELLANEOUS.—"There Came a Little Child to Earth," a sacred song, music by Joseph Ridgway, is pleasing, and suitable for the home circle on a quiet Sunday (Messrs. Ridgway Bros.).—Two simple and tuneful hymns, words and music by "M. P. F. C.," are "Gracious Lord, Now Life is Ebbing," and "An Evening-song."—"Los Toreros Polka," by F. J. Navarro, is bright and dance-provoking (Messrs. Hawkes and Son).—"Bird of the Greenwood," words by Mrs. Hemans, music by Edwin D. Lloyd, is a song which will please in the schoolroom more for the poetry than for the music (Messrs. Chappell and Co.).—"Soft, Soft Wind," words from Kingsley's "Water Babies," music by Arthur Esmond, is of the same mild type as the above; here again the words will prove more attractive than their musical setting (Messrs. W. Morley and Co.).—Highly to be commended is "The Fisher's Song," words by the Rev. Charles Kingsley, music by Alfred Pease, revised by Louis Diehl; this song is of medium compass (Messrs. A. Hammond and Co.).—A song which has already gained popular favour is "Leoline," words by the Earl of Lytton, music by Isidore de Lara (Messrs. B. Mocatta and Co.).—"The Old Actor" is a sad but over-true tale, written and composed by G. Hubi Newcombe; this song is published in three keys (Messrs. Ransford and Son).—When the holidays are over, and students are going seriously to work again, "Intermezzo" (Op. 23), by G. St. George, will provide excellent practice. It may be had in six different arrangements, from the full orchestral score to the duet for pianoforte and violin (Charles Woolhouse).—Tchaikowsky's "Pianoforte Album" (Collection Litolf, No. 1,825) is well worthy the attention of pianists in search of short but well-written pieces, to be committed to memory; in this album will be found some of the favourite compositions of this clever composer (Messrs. Enoch and Sons).

—"Midnight Revels," a medley overture, by S. V. Balfour, is a merry trifle, introducing many popular melodies (Messrs. Hawkes and Son).—An easy and taking "Intermezzo" for the pianoforte is "Melbrek" by S. Claude Ridley. By the above-named composer is "The Gay Cavalier Quick March" for the pianoforte, a showy piece which is not difficult, and may well be learnt by heart (Messrs. Banks and Son, York).—"The New Valse-Menuet" (common time) is a graceful and easy dance, which will make a pleasing variety in a dance programme; the stately music is by W. A. Gurney (E. Donajowski).—Two fairly good and danceable waltzes are: "Winter Night's Waltzes," by G. H. Stone; and "One Turn More Valse," by W. H. Lucas (Messrs. A. Hammond and Co.).—"The Hop-Scotch Polka," by W. Galbraith Burgoyne, is as sprightly as its title would lead us to expect (Messrs. Paterson, Sons, and Co.).

AN "INFLUENZA" COSTUME was the great success of the evening at a recent fancy ball in St. Petersburg. "Mademoiselle la Grippe" wore an Oriental dress covered by a map of Europe, which showed the ramifications and spread of the epidemic. Her high head-dress was inscribed with the names of various physicians who have written on the subject, and her fan bore those of the chemists profiting by the malady. "Miss Influenza" also distributed cards with verses in praise of the epidemic.



DRAWN BY PERCY MACQUOID

"Should you say Miss Enderby is exactly thick with her, d'ye think?" answered Mr. Pinhorn, the grocer.

"MADAME LEROUX"

"Too early seen unknown, and known too late."—ROMEO AND JULIET.

By FRANCES ELEANOR TROLLOPE,

AUTHOR OF "AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLES," "AMONG ALIENS," "LIKE SHIPS UPON THE SEA," "THAT UNFORTUNATE MARRIAGE," &c.

CHAPTER I.

ENDERBY COURT—so designated in the county guide-books, but always spoken of by Westfield folks emphatically as "the Court"—was so near the village as to furnish the inhabitants of the latter with a perpetual interest in looking out of the window. The south lodge stood within a few yards of the village street, and was the medium of communication between Enderby Court and the great high-road leading all the way to London, if one should choose to pursue a tolerably straight course southward; and, more immediately, to the railway-station at Westfield Road, from whence travellers could reach town by a more devious, but far speedier, route.

Few days passed, when "the family" was at the Court, without furnishing to attentive Westfield some spectacle worth the gazing at. Strangers might not, indeed, have discovered much to interest them. But then Westfield eyes looked understandingly on the personages who moved in and out at the South Lodge, whereas to strangers they would have appeared but as unexplained hieroglyphs.

Thus, Mrs. Jackson, seated in the shop of the village grocer and general-dealer, from whence she commanded a view of the road nearly up to the lodge-gates, observed, without preamble, as one quite sure of her hearer's comprehension,

"Well, whatever my lady could see in her to let her be so thick with Miss Enderby, I don't know!"

"Oh, well, I suppose my lady had her reasons. Should you say Miss Enderby is exactly thick with her, d'ye think?" answered Mr. Pinhorn, the grocer. He was tying up a packet of tea for Mrs. Jackson, and looked up at her with his large head and fat face inclined deprecatingly to one side, and a conciliatory smile on his countenance. For Mrs. Jackson disdained cheap tea, and bought only the "best mixed at three shillings," and was not to be roughly contradicted.

"Well, you can use your own judgment, Mr. Pinhorn, whether my expression is correct," returned Mrs. Jackson, with tolerant superiority.

The grocer followed her glance above and beyond the collection of miscellaneous articles in the little shop-window, and watched two young girls who were walking side by side through the village street, and were engaged in seemingly earnest conversation.

"That looks pretty thick, don't it?" added Mrs. Jackson triumphantly. "There they go, one's hand on the other's shoulder, as familiar as it might be sisters. And talk, talk, talk—ah! it isn't

jaw as is wanting in *that* family, nor yet cheek to carry it off. But whatever my lady could see in her passes *me*."

Mr. Pinhorn rubbed his hands and smiled again. "Well, she's a—rather nice figure," he ventured to observe; "and a—on the whole what one might call an uncommon pretty young creature, don't you think?"

"Pretty! Ah, that's what all you fools of men are took in with." Mr. Pinhorn shook his head mournfully, as though admitting the soft impeachment on behalf of his sex, whilst he insinuated a personal disclaimer by murmuring, "There is some as are partial to a good-looking woman."

"Handsome is as handsome does, Mr. Pinhorn."

"That's very true, to be sure—very true indeed," rejoined Mr. Pinhorn, sweeping with his hand some fragments of tea from the counter into a tin canister. "But they say the young lady's very clever too. Remarkable clever by all I hear."

"Oh, clever enough I'll be bound. So was her father before her. So's her uncle for that matter. Jackson says Lawyer Shard would be hard to beat for cuteness. Any one can see for themselves that he's as cunning as Old Nick. And shifty—! Ah, he has more turns and shifts than a fox. He managed all our business for us when Jackson's uncle died in testate."

"In Texas?" said Mr. Pinhorn, doubtfully.

"No, no; in testate. That's as much as to say that he hadn't made no will, and my husband was heir-at-law. Jackson *would* have Lawyer Shard; for, says he, 'If you must pay an attorney, choose an out-and-outer.' That's what Jackson says."

"Every one allows Mr. Shard is a good lawyer. And Sir Lionel giving him a good many jobs to do is a guarantee, as you may say. It stands to reason Sir Lionel would have his law of the best, being that he can pay the best price for it."

"Yes; but law's one thing, and taking up with people and being so thick with 'em's another. I often think if my lady had lived, she'd have thought different when the girls begun to grow up, and have put a stop to such familiar goings on between Miss Enderby and Lucy Marston."

"But we can't suppose but what Sir Lionel is a good judge of what is suitable for his daughter, can we?" Mr. Pinhorn spoke in a soft, insinuating tone, trying to steer between the Scylla of disrespect towards the Court, and the Charybdis of disgusting a good customer.

"Well, it isn't very likely as I shouldn't have proper feelings towards the family. That you never *can* suppose, Mr. Pinhorn!"

Mr. Pinhorn's countenance expressed no very ardent conviction as to the propriety of Mrs. Jackson's feelings, but he said "Oh, dear no!" and rubbed his hands feebly.

"Me as has lived pretty nigh ten years at the Court, housemaid with three under me, till I married! And you're not the man to repeat my words in any quarter where it might cause unpleasantness. That you never *would* do, Mr. Pinhorn!"

"Oh, dear no!" said Mr. Pinhorn again.

"Not as I need to be afraid of anything my fellow-creatures has in their power to do against me; my trust being elsewhere, and Jackson having property in the Funds all made over to me every penny by will, drawn reg'lar, and witnessed, and locked up in Lawyer Shard's strong box. And if it pleased the Lord to call Jackson away this night, his mind would be quite easy about me, as I've considered it my duty to take care he wasn't worried by worldly matters in his latter days."

This prophetic reference to herself as a widow with property in the Funds was a mere tactical diversion, intended to impress on the grocer the expediency of being civil to a customer who might be expected to consume the "best mixed" for a long time to come. Having made it, Mrs. Jackson again descended to a colloquial strain.

"I've seen a good deal in my time, of the way that Lucy Marston has wormed herself in with Miss Enderby. For you can't play off your sly games on a young woman under other women's noses, and think to keep 'em in the dark. No, Mr. Pinhorn; that you never *can* do."

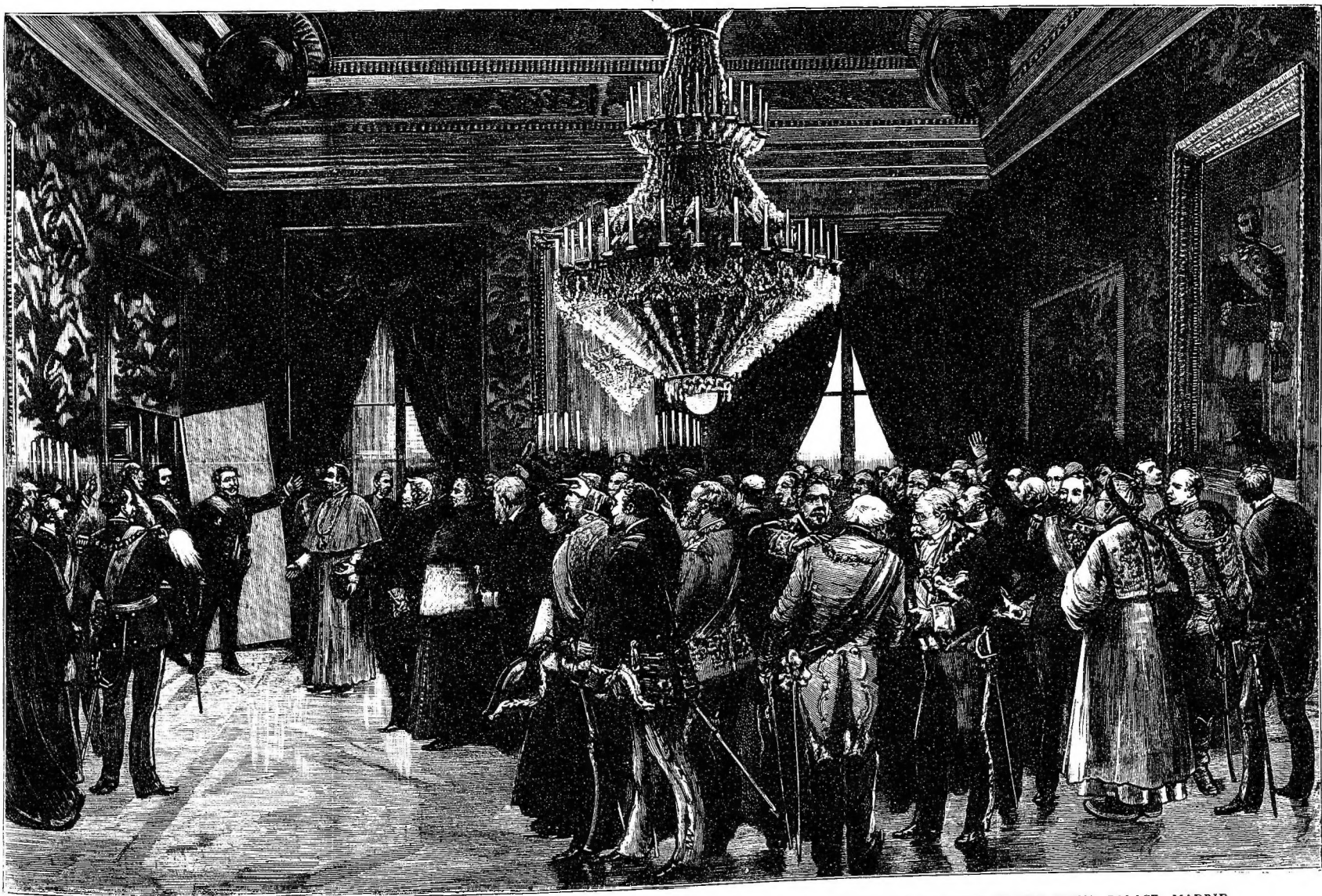
Mr. Pinhorn smiled a little dubious smile, and answered with timid jocularity.

"Some of the ladies are so sharp—specially about each other—that they see more than ever was, or is, or will be; don't they, now?"

"I can't speak for others, Mr. Pinhorn. But I know something about high people—come straight from Lord Percy Humberstone's to the Court, and lived there ten year, with three under me, till I married—and I'm no Radical. I hate your upstarts. Jacks always votes blue. I'm all for the nobility, Mr. Pinhorn; but what I say is, if you are high, keep high. It's easy enough to pick up low people, but it ain't so easy to put 'em down again. Something 'll stick to your fingers, as sure as ever you touch 'em. However, I never was one to talk and prate. Open your eyes and shut your mouth has been my principles. There's two fourpenny bits and a threepenny. The quarter of tea's ninepence, and I want twopence out."



KING ALPHONSO OF SPAIN AND HIS MOTHER CHRISTINA, THE QUEEN REGENT



HIS EXCELLENCY THE PRESIDENT OF THE MINISTERIAL COUNCIL ANNOUNCING THE BIRTH OF THE YOUNG KING OF SPAIN AT THE ROYAL PALACE, MADRID

THE ILLNESS OF THE INFANT KING OF SPAIN

Mr. Pinhorn took twopence from the till, and proceeded to wrap the coins gently in paper.

"There'll be changes at the Court before long," continued Mrs. Jackson, nodding her head emphatically, with the consciousness of imparting important information. "Sir Lionel's sister-in-law is coming to keep house for him, and to look after Miss Enderby."

"Keep house!" echoed Mr. Pinhorn, with a startled face; for he received some valuable patronage from good-natured Mrs. Griffiths, the housekeeper at Enderby Court.

"Oh, she won't weigh out the sugar and soap, if *that's* what you're thinking of, Mr. Pinhorn! She's my late lady's sister, Lady Charlotte Gaunt. They was Hearl's daughters, both on 'em, Mr. Pinhorn. And by what I've heard when I was at the Court, this one is very high in her manners. A great beauty too, in her time. They do say she wasn't best pleased when Lady Jane married Sir Lionel Enderby."

"Lor!" exclaimed Mr. Pinhorn, with bated breath. "What in the world for?"

Mrs. Jackson compressed her lips, and shook her head. "Sir Lionel is a very good gentleman, and a very rich 'un. But that's not everything, Mr. Pinhorn. When you belong to the real old aristocracy, you have your own ideas, and you *don't* want to connect yourself with railway irons and canals and navvies, and such, and no more notion of your great-grandfather than the sparrow on the housetop. You *can't* say you do, Mr. Pinhorn!"

"Dear me!" said Mr. Pinhorn.

"At the same time when you've overstayed your market, and are not so young as you was—for my late lady wasn't such a chicken when she married, and this one's older than her a good bit—and as poor as a church-mouse—poor and proud as the saying is—you may be glad enough of free quarters in a grand house like Enderby Court, and leave to play first fiddle into the bargain; you won't deny but what you may, Mr. Pinhorn!"

"Ay, ay! Indeed! Well, to be sure! Nothing more I can do for you this morning, Mrs. Jackson?"

"No, no; that's about all, and plenty, too! We do spend a lot o' money on tea. But Jackson and me, we can't abide trash. None of your dish-wash for us. And it's good for trade. As I often say to Jackson, when he looks a little sour over the accounts at the week end, 'How do you expect the shopkeepers to live?' I say, 'It's a Providence for 'em that there's folks as need not deny themselves their little comforts. There's the Vicar, now, with his wife and all them children—why I question if they get a taste of butcher's meat every day. And more dripping than butter to their bread, if all tales is true. But I've always been used to everything of the best. Wish you good morning, Mr. Pinhorn.'"

Mrs. Jackson, who was a small, meagre, hatchet-faced woman, very neat in her attire and alert of gait, marched briskly out of the shop, while Mr. Pinhorn, meditatively replacing the canister on its shelf, muttered under his breath,

"You're a sharp-tongued one, you are! A woman like that makes a man humbly thankful that he's been spared."

For Mr. Pinhorn was a bachelor.

But although Mrs. Jackson's opinion of Lawyer Shard might be expressed with special acrimony, it was more or less shared by all the inhabitants of the village. Mr. Marston had settled in Westfield when Lucy was a baby not yet two years old. He had succeeded to the business of a local solicitor who had a respectable connection in the county. When he had been about five years in Westfield his wife died. Although Mr. Marston had always maintained a chill reserve towards his neighbours which prevented any real intimacy between them and his family, yet, during his wife's last illness, Mrs. Arden from the Vicarage called frequently with offers of assistance in nursing and so forth; and, after Mrs. Marston's death, Mrs. Goodchild, the doctor's wife, invited the motherless little Lucy to stay for a while in her house. But these advances being coldly, though civilly, declined, the result was to widen, rather than decrease, the distance between the lawyer's family and their neighbours.

The feeling of hostility against the Marstons thus occasioned—for there are few things less easily pardoned by our fellow-creatures than the manifestation of our ability to do without them—was not mitigated when it presently became known that Lucy Marston had been invited to stay on a visit at Enderby Court, and when she came to be a familiar inmate of the schoolroom there, and a playfellow of Miss Mildred Enderby. Mildred was the only child of Sir Lionel and Lady Jane Enderby. She was a shy, backward child, whose delicate health gave her parents some anxiety, and who had never left her mother's side for a day since her birth. Lady Jane had seen little Lucy Marston just by chance, and had been struck by her pretty face and bright manner. But, what was more to the purpose, Mildred had taken a strange liking at first sight to the little girl who came forward to shake hands with an unembarrassed smile, and who chatted to her of her doll, and her garden, and her pets, as frankly as though they had been familiar friends. To many shy natures, the absence of shyness in another is a potent charm. It was so with Mildred Enderby. She begged that Lucy might be invited to the Court, and the impression made by this first visit was such that the little girl soon became a frequent guest there. It was soon found that as Mildred's spirits grew more cheerful in this new companionship, her health also improved. By degrees she overcame the languor which had threatened to make her a chronic invalid; and she grew up to be a healthy, although not robust, young girl.

Lady Jane always, in her own mind, dated this improvement in her daughter's health from the beginning of her acquaintance with Lucy Marston, and this would have sufficed to make her welcome the child to the house. But Lucy contrived, moreover, to win her ladyship's personal regard. The death of the child's mother, however serious a misfortune it might have been in other respects, had undoubtedly assisted her promotion to a familiar place in the household at the Court. Lady Jane Enderby was much too great a lady to be afraid of compromising acquaintances; but still it was convenient that her daughter's playfellow and *protégée* should have neither mother, sister, nor other female relative who might possibly have attempted to be encroaching.

There was, indeed, an aunt of Lucy's in Westfield, her mother's sister, married to a Mr. Shard. But Mrs. Shard was not a person with whom Lady Jane was likely ever to come into contact. Her husband had been a very poor and struggling attorney in a large manufacturing town. Mr. Marston, at his wife's solicitation, gave this brother-in-law some employment in his office, and, after a while, allowed him to buy a small share in the business. The two sisters had not met for many years; and when they did meet, Mrs. Marston experienced a blank sense of disappointment. Mrs. Shard was not the sister Sarah whom she had remembered, or imagined. The two women differed as two plants from the same parent stock may differ by being transplanted, the one into sunshine and rich earth, the other into a poor soil and a harsh climate. Mr. Shard, however, made himself acceptable in the office; and when a stroke of paralysis, from which he never wholly recovered, although he survived it upwards of a year, disabled Mr. Marston from taking as large a share as formerly in carrying on his profession, Shard assumed the whole of the active work.

Twelve years had passed between the arrival of the Shards in Westfield, and the day on which Mrs. Jackson delivered her critical opinions on the social proprieties in Mr. Pinhorn's shop. And the years had made changes in that quiet little village. Death, whose dark waters corrode all the shores of life, had carried away Mr.

Marston and Lady Jane Enderby within a few months of each other. The former succumbed to a second stroke of paralysis, and the latter caught cold at the first Drawing Room of a very bleak season, and died, after a fortnight's illness, from inflammation of the lungs.

Mr. Marston's death made a more serious revolution in Lucy's life and prospects than commonly results even from the loss of a parent. She was abruptly informed by Mr. Shard that she was not the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Marston, but had merely been adopted by them in her infancy. Child though she was, the revelation was a severe blow to her. She was, however, too young to understand the full significance of the facts that Mr. Marston had died without making a will, and that she was not legally entitled to inherit a penny that had belonged to him. She did not, indeed, pay any heed to those considerations. The Shards were not unkind to her. But what, above all, overcame the sense of forlornness, which had at first oppressed her, was the affectionate kindness of the family at Enderby Court.

Lady Jane had a long conversation with Mr. Shard about the girl. Mr. Shard satisfied her ladyship that Lucy was the child of a girl, Mrs. Smith, who had been lodging in a remote farmhouse in Cumberland at the time of her confinement. The infant was a posthumous child; its father, an officer in the merchant-service, having been lost at sea. Mrs. Smith had shown her landlady a newspaper given an account of the wreck, and had appeared to be—as was but natural—plunged in a state of gloomy despondency. Owing to some circumstances which did not seem to have been very rigidly examined into, she was unable to keep her child with her.

"The fact was, I believe, that she had to earn her living as a governess," said Mr. Shard; "and of course she could not get an engagement with a young infant on her hands. The child was left at nurse in the farmhouse where it had been born, and a small sum paid for it every month. My sister-in-law, the late Mrs. Marston, saw the child when she and Marston were spending a summer holiday at the farmhouse. (Marston at that time was practising the law in Carlisle.) She was passionately fond of children, and always lamenting that she had no family of her own. She took a wonderful fancy to the little girl, and, in short, asked her husband's leave to adopt it. Mr. Marston, when he had heard what I have told your ladyship of the child's birth, consented, on condition that the mother should bind herself to give it up entirely into his hands, and let him and his wife be altogether as a father and mother to it. Some little correspondence passed on the subject, and the matter was arranged."

"I could show you Mrs. Smith's letter to Mr. Marston—he always preserved it carefully—if your ladyship chose."

Her ladyship did choose it. Indeed, she would have chosen always to be informed of every minute circumstance in her neighbour's lives, being charitably desirous to assist and amend them, and innocently convinced of her own power to do both, if they would but lay the case before her.

"This is a hard letter," observed Lady Jane, when she had perused the note (it was little more) signed "C. Smith." "She seems to have had very little struggle or compunction in giving up her child to strangers."

"Well, you see, my lady, she was evidently unable to bring it up herself, and she had all sorts of testimony of the highest kind to Mr. and Mrs. Marston's character and position. As a matter of fact, she was doing a very good thing for the child."

Lady Jane thought of her own petted daughter, and her maternal heart yearned over the poor little waif.

"Is this woman living?" she asked.

"We really do not know, Lady Jane. She may be dead, or she may have gone abroad, or she may have married again, for she was young and good-looking. The Marstons lost sight of her years ago, they told me. The truth is that poor Mrs. Marston had no wish to keep up any connection with Mrs. Smith, from an uneasy fear lest little Lucy might some day be taken from her. She idolised the child."

"She was a good woman, and had a mother's heart," pronounced Lady Jane, in a stern and magisterial tone; the sternness being due to the thought in her mind that Mrs. Smith could not have been a good woman, and had certainly not owned a mother's heart.

Lady Jane was further moved to indignation by two circumstances: First, that Mr. Marston had not thought fit to tell her the truth about little Lucy; and, second, that he had failed to make proper testamentary provision for the child. Mr. Shard hastened to assure her ladyship that he fully intended to carry out what he doubted not were his late brother-in-law's intentions, and to look upon himself merely as the steward of Mr. Marston's property for Lucy's benefit.

"You had better draw up some legal paper, securing her; and you had better do it *at once*, Mr. Shard," said Lady Jane, peremptorily. "We have just had a solemn example of the precariousness of life."

"Yes, indeed; it is a warning I shall take to heart," answered Mr. Shard, piously. "Your ladyship would be surprised, though, to learn how little property poor Marston leaves behind him. His private affairs are in sad confusion. I have been astonished—shocked, I may say—to find how unmethodical he was in keeping an account of his expenditure; how rash he was in making investments; how many bad debts he had! And yet he was an excellent lawyer, Lady Jane. I don't know a sounder lawyer than he was. Ah! we are sadly weak and imperfect creatures, the best of us."

Lady Jane, in parting from Mr. Shard, again laid imperative injunctions on him to lose no time in making some legal provision for Lucy. "I *hope*, Mr. Shard, that when I return from town, I shall find everything properly drawn out," said she.

But she never did return from town. Her lifeless body was brought down, and laid with all pomp and circumstance in the vault in Westfield churchyard, where she had desired to be buried. But the active spirit of Lady Jane Enderby was known there no more.

CHAPTER II.

AFTER Lady Jane's death Lucy passed more time than ever at the Court. Their sorrow drew the two children closer together; they shared the lessons of Miss Feltham, the governess, and, indeed, had almost all things in common. Mr. and Mrs. Shard, whom Lucy continued to call her aunt and uncle, encouraged in every way an intimacy likely to be so valuable in the future, and which Mr. Shard already considered useful to himself as well as to his niece.

It has been stated that the family were not popular with their neighbours; but Mr. Shard was less generally disliked than his late brother-in-law. His manner had none of the self-sufficing reserve which had offended Westfield in Mr. Marston; and the reputation certainly did not diminish the number of his clients, although it attracted them from a lower social class than that which had patronised his predecessor. Many persons were of Mr. Jackson's opinion, as reported by his wife—that if you do employ an attorney indeed, had once still more forcibly expressed this view, when, being dissuaded from employing Lawyer Shard, on the ground of the latter's sharp practice, he disdainfully retorted that "*he* shouldn't think much of a chimney sweep as was afraid of blacking his hands." Still, even this flattering estimate of Mr. Shard's professional abilities was scarcely calculated to endear him personally to his clients, nor to mitigate the jealousy excited by Lucy Marston's familiar intercourse with the family circle at the Court. As a

matter of fact, this intimacy did not extend to her uncle and aunt, who were quite as great strangers in Sir Lionel's household as any other persons of their own station in Westfield. But Westfield was not sure of that, and Westfield had little chance of having its curiosity on the subject satisfied by Mr. Shard, since it appeared that his humble readiness of manner was essentially as uncommunicative as his late brother-in-law's chill reserve. There was, too, the circumstance that—as Mr. Jackson put it, with some implied disparagement of the late partner's legal gifts and acquisitions—"if old Marston did give you an answer, he just said the truth right out, plain and short; whilst Shard could talk for hours and you wouldn't know what to believe at the end."

Things, however, continued to go on smoothly enough, until Mildred Enderby was fifteen, and her friend Lucy a little over seventeen, years old. At this time an unexpected event happened—unexpected, at any rate, by the Shards. It was arranged that Lady Charlotte Gaunt should come to live at Enderby Court.

Sir Lionel and his sister-in-law had not been on particularly cordial terms with each other during Lady Jane Enderby's married life. But after Lady Jane's death, the Gaunts said how sad it was for that girl, an only child and an heiress, to be left without any female guidance, save that of old Miss Feltham, the governess. And, moreover, they thought—although they did not so loudly say—that it would be an uncommonly good thing for Charlotte to be installed as mistress of a rich man's household, and thus relieve her own side of the family from the necessity of helping out her miserably scanty income. For some time, however, Sir Lionel took no heed of hints, or even direct persuasions, on this score. But when Mildred was about fifteen, he made one of his rare journeys to London, and met Lady Charlotte Gaunt, whom he had not seen for several years. The result of his interviews with his sister-in-law was that her ladyship was invited to make Enderby Court her home, and to assume the care of her niece, now on the borderland between childhood and womanhood.

On leaving Mr. Pinhorn's shop, Mrs. Jackson walked so briskly that she soon overtook the two young ladies of whom she had been talking. They had been joined by Miss Feltham, the governess, a grey-haired lady, who had been many years at the Court. As Mrs. Jackson was passing them with a little curtsy, Miss Feltham accosted her.

"How do you do, Hannah?" said she, kindly.

"I'm pretty well, ma'am, thank you."

"And how is Mr. Jackson's rheumatism?"

"Jackson's much as usual, ma'am. But, as I tell him, he has a deal to be thankful for."

"I hope he feels that, Hannah?"

"Well, ma'am, he *do* get capacious about his joints. But as I say to him, 'Jackson, I say, 'if you can't use your joints, you've got a good easy chair under you, and a good fire to sit by, and if you was to be called away this night you've made provision for them as you leave behind, and what a balm *that* is to the spirit!'"

Then turning to Mildred Enderby, she continued, "I don't ask how Sir Lionel is, Miss, because I saw him out in the carriage yesterday, and I thought he looked wonderful—considering."

"My father is, I believe, really better and stronger than he was last year."

"Thanks be, Miss! I'm sure we had ought to pray that the Lord may preserve him and all the nobility with grace, wisdom, and understanding." Then, addressing herself again to Miss Feltham, as an auditor more capable than the young lady, of appreciating her discourse on graver themes, she said, "Terrible upsetting times we do live in, ma'am. A fellow come canvassing Jackson only last week for the 'lection of a member of Parliament for our Division. And who in the world do you suppose, Miss Feltham, as them Radicals want to set up? Ruggles, of Nettlethwaithe, the butcher's son!"

"Oh! yes; I have heard of Mr. Ruggles. He is a gentleman of very advanced views, I believe."

"Advanced! It's all very fine for 'em to talk about advancing, but I want to know where we're a-going to; and so does Jackson. This fellow belongs to a—a carcass, I think they call it."

"Perhaps a caucus, Hannah," suggested Miss Feltham, smiling gravely.

"Perhaps so, ma'am. But it might ha' been a carcass, for old Ruggles was a butcher. And a decent man he was, too. Catch him setting up for a member o' Parliament! However, the son has come in for all old Ruggles's money, and nothing will do but he must go spouting up and down the country, gabbling about the rights of the people, all to coax silly folks to send him up to Parliament so as he may show off and get his name printed in the newspapers. I've no patience! Jackson would argue it out with him. I don't see much good in arguments, myself; nor I never was one to talk and prate. But Jackson—well, I suppose, through not having the use of his joints, it *makes* him fond of talking. As for me, I should ha' sent the fellow off with a flea in his ear, and wasted no words on him. But Jackson, he says, in a rambling kind o' way, 'I've always voted Blue,' he says, 'and I shall continue to do so, unless you can show me good reason to the contrary.' 'Oh, but,' says this canvassing chap, 'the Blues 'll bring forward a arrystocrat! and surely you don't want to be represented by a arrystocrat!' 'Why not?' says Jackson. 'Why,' says the fellow, 'because it wouldn't be a real representation; because they're tyrants and oppressors—begging your pardon, Miss Enderby—and because the upper classes can't never understand the real wants of the people.' 'Oh, can't they?' says Jackson, 'well p'raps they can't, but I was head groom at Lord Percy Humberstone's for twenty year, and I found I always knew a deal more about my horses, than my horses knew about each other,' says Jackson. Well, the man stared like one dumfounded. But I says to him, 'you mustn't mind Mr. Jackson's far-fetched sayings as nobody can make head or tail of. But, though he may *talk* wide of the mark, you'll find you won't get him to vote any way but Blue.' And, of course, when I put it to him clear like that, he saw 'twas no use, and took himself off."

"But I think Mr. Jackson made a very good answer," exclaimed Lucy Marston.

"You're very kind, Miss," returned Mrs. Jackson, with an inflexible face; "but, of course, I know very well that Jackson *do* sometimes talk wide o' the mark, and gets hold of far-fetched sayings, as it isn't every one can understand what he's driving at. But, as I tell him, it doesn't matter; he hasn't got to earn his bread by 'cute talking; he can pay them as makes their living by it. Every one to his trade." And, with a curtsy directed exclusively to Miss Enderby, Mrs. Jackson proceeded on her way.

"What a tongue that woman has!" exclaimed Lucy, looking after her with a half-amused, half-petulant expression of countenance.

"Oh, poor Hannah!" said Miss Feltham. "Yes; she is rather too fond of talking. But, my dear Lucy, she is an excellent creature; she has the opinions and principles of a good servant of the old school. I wish there were more like her. Lady Jane had a great esteem for Hannah, as I remember very well. She is one of those persons who have a kind of feudal feeling towards her superiors."

To this no reply was made; but Lucy's bright eyes sparkled, and she made a little impatient movement of the head. And, presently, when she and Mildred were out of Miss Feltham's hearing, she whispered—

"I don't know whether Mrs. Jackson's feelings are feudal or not, but I think she has about as little reverence in her as it is possible for a human being to have."

"What, Hannah?" cried Mildred. "I thought Hannah was a model of reverence!"

Lucy shook her head. "Her nature is too small and too sour," she said. "You might as well expect to make cream cheese out of buttermilk."

Then the two girls entered the house together, and joined Miss Feltham and Sir Lionel in the library, where they were accustomed to assemble during the half-hour before luncheon.

Sir Lionel Enderby, second baronet of that name, was a man of slightly-built frame, tall and meagre, who, for the greater enjoyment of his life, had persuaded himself that he was a chronic invalid. This character, once established, enabled him to follow his own inclinations, which were towards sedentary amusements. He collected books; he even read some of them; and had an expensive taste in bindings. He, therefore, felt himself fully justified in alleging his "studies" as an excuse for neglecting, not only fox-hunting, but nearly all other social duties.

His late wife, Lady Jane, had resigned herself very cheerfully to living much less in the world than is usual for a woman of her rank and wealth. She had never been a beauty, and, therefore, was not tempted by vanity to mix with Society. She had but a moderate delight in the company of her country neighbours, and a still more moderate opinion of their social importance, but she did enjoy reigning over the Enderby estates, and being incomparably the greatest lady of whom Westfield had any personal cognisance. Her rule, though absolute, was beneficent. She had a conscientious sense of her responsibilities, and was sincerely sorry for everybody who had the misfortune to differ from her. She was not a woman of brilliant talents; but Westfield had never been known to complain on that score; and the cleverest person in the world could not have provided sounder wine, stronger beef-tea, or more substantial flannel petticoats than the mistress of Enderby Court distributed to all who needed them. Lady Jane would have scorned to cheapen her charities. Every gift that came from her hands could be relied on as being thoroughly good of its kind. And, perhaps, it was this genuineness, quite as much as her generosity, which attached her humble neighbours to her, and made them sincerely regret her death. For Westfield folks did not live by bread alone any more than the rest of the world.

Sir Lionel was quite willing to continue his late wife's benefactions, provided he were not called upon to make any active exertions in the matter. So they fell into the hands of Miss Feltham and Mrs. Griffiths, the housekeeper, and the poor and the aged were not molested of their alms; although the sick got, perhaps, less physic, and everybody less good advice, than in her ladyship's time. The news that Lady Charlotte Gaunt was coming to be mistress of Enderby Court was naturally considered very important in the village, and there was great curiosity to know whatever could be known about a person who was likely to be so influential among them for years to come.

Within the Court itself, the interest was, of course, as great, and the curiosity not much less. Miss Feltham had not seen Lady Charlotte for years—not since the days when she had been governess to Lady Jane, the youngest of the family—and Mildred had never seen her at all.

(To be continued)



AMONG all the peculiar merits of current fiction, it is not often that one has occasion to be struck by the magical effect of style. Indeed, there is some reason for thinking that very few readers any longer consciously miss it, and that authors in general class it with the "unities," and such like things, as absolute encumbrances. But when one does meet with it, as in "The Locket: a Tale of Old Guernsey" (2 vols.: R. Bentley and Son), what an infinite charm it affords—one believes, for the time at least, and while under the spell, that nothing else signifies. The story told by M. A. M. Hoppus (Mrs. Alfred Marks) is little more than an expanded anecdote; dozens of better stories are spoiled by their treatment every day. Moreover, it is a story which could very easily be spoiled by a clumsy narrator, since it concerns the accidental detection of a rascal, with a hero who looks and acts like a stage villain. And it unquestionably required some courage to attempt to interest the novel-reading world, which likes its fiction to be a looking-glass, in the life of Guernsey when George II. was King. The result, however, is—thanks to the magic of style—one of those books which can be best criticised by saying that the reader is "pleased, he knows not why, and cares not wherefore." One particular point of skill displayed by Mrs. Marks ought by no means to be omitted—the manner in which she gives a flavour of the period to her conversation, without once falling into affectation. She never once slips into nineteenth-century forms of speech or sentiment; and yet is as easy and natural as if her work actually belonged to the time with which it deals. The characters, too, seem to have been taken from a personal knowledge which is by the nature of the case out of the question; though, no doubt, a real acquaintance with the Guernsey of to-day has not even yet quite ceased to be a guide to the Guernsey which constituted a little world of its own.

"George Vyvian," by E. Katharine Bates (2 vols.: Hurst and Blackett), does not carry the reader quite so far as is usual with novelists to whom nothing is sacred—no further, indeed, than the planet Mars. The first volume is enacted by a number of people who made a terrible mess of their lives fifty years ago, and then, passing after death into Mars, are re-sorted, something in the manner of the transformation of a pantomime, to live a second time on earth in different though still connected characters, and to make a better business of it if they can. As to her description of the Holy City, we can only say that E. Katharine Bates has attempted a task in which there is no middle point between succeeding as nearly as Dante and abject failure through presumption which merits no mercy. It is perhaps nothing more than comical to find ourselves listening to "an earnest young spirit" haranguing souls who are still under the influence of "Robert Elsmere," but E. Katharine Bates, having no sense of humour, flies far higher than the threshold, and the doom of Icarus is righteously upon her. The second earthly probation, which belongs to a year or two ago, is neither interesting nor clear. Indeed, the reader might well be content with treating the first volume, which is by no means uninteresting, as if it were the whole novel—at least if he has not a very pronounced taste for needless misery.

If ever a book had an exactly appropriate title, it is "Rogues," by R. H. Sherard (1 vol.: Chatto and Windus), unless, indeed, "Villains" might be considered more appropriate still. The story is supposed to be told by an imbecile barrister, who is gulled, persecuted, and victimised generally by a gang of criminals, at the head of whom is a man whom he defended at a trial for burglary. Imbecility, however, though extreme, does not save the barrister, who is supposed to publish his own shame, from inclusion in the universal rascality; indeed, in some respects he is himself as bad as any of the other rogues. We are forgetting, however, one formal exception—a good young heiress, who has nothing to do with the story, except to make the reader fear, at the end, that she will some day throw herself away upon the elderly idiot when nothing else is

left him. Of course, sympathy is not always essential to make a story interesting; but it is absolutely essential in the present case, and as absolutely wanting. It stimulates curiosity at first, but the curiosity is very quickly satisfied.

"Within an Ace" (1 vol.: Digby and Long) may well be described by its author, Mark Eastwood, as "a modern sensation," seeing that the hero's first sensation is that of being hanged. For he is a Russian Nihilist, condemned to death, and, but for the incompetence of the executioner, his story would have ended with its beginning. There are, however, plenty more adventures to follow before Vladimir Alexandrovitch succeeds in escaping from his coffin at St. Petersburg to happiness and prosperity at Berlin. "Hairbreadth" is all inadequate to describe them. In short, "Within an Ace" is a simple, straightforward story of personal peril, not marked by any exceptional power of narration, but with a certain life and spirit about it which carry the reader on at an easy canter, without a moment's fear that the author will break down, or that the hero will come to any real harm.

"Cut by the Mess," by Arthur Keyzer (1 vol.: Chatto and Windus), is a good and thoroughly wholesome story of honour and generous self-sacrifice carried to the most romantic point of chivalry. Only to one point we make any strong objection; namely, the unnecessarily tragic character of the close. For it is otherwise a book for boys, as well as for their elders; and though, of course, there is the higher lesson in the absence of any compensation for self-sacrifice in this world, none the less boys seldom recur to a story which "ends badly"—nobody ever does, according to Thackeray—and most dismiss it as quickly as possible from their minds. So the higher lesson is apt to defeat its own end. Whether an English officer would, under any circumstances, be justified in bearing a reputation for cowardice really due to one who was base enough to accept the sacrifice, must be left to casuists to decide. In any case, Arthur Keyzer has made of the situation a well worked out, interesting, and high-minded story.



"THE ENGLISH FARMER," writes Mr. C. S. Read, in the *East Anglian Annual* for 1890, "seems to have come to the conclusion that the area devoted to corn growing must be still further diminished. Time was in East Anglia that stock were grazed in order to grow corn; it appears likely that corn will be mainly grown in the future to graze and litter the stock upon the farm. If stock will not pay for the natural and artificial foods they consume, it is no use expecting a profit from the increased corn crops which their manure will produce. Very little of the land of East Anglia can readily be converted into permanent pasture, but there is no reason why the old four-course rotation of cropping should not be altered by allowing the grass-seed to remain down two years instead of one. By adopting two years' seeds, East Anglian farmers might keep more dairy stock, rear more cattle, and have a better run and more suitable food for the flocks in the winter instead of over-feeding the ewes with turnips."

FREEDOM OF CULTIVATION has evidently become a need which the new Minister of Agriculture will have to deal with. The maintenance of fair play between owner and cultivator is a matter of some difficulty. Landowners, farmers, and labourers have united interests, but they have conflicting interests also. The landowner in the past too often gained very unfairly by the improvements of a tenant, and he also saddled the latter in many cases with the cost of keeping him in sport. These injustices, however, have been swept away by the different Acts of the past twenty years, and the one remaining grievance is that of the farm agreements compelling a fixed rotation of crops, forbidding various sales off the farm, bristling in fact with restrictive covenants. To interfere once more with freedom of contract, however, would not be so popular as previous interference has been, because a bad or negligent farmer entails a fine heritage of weeds, not to speak of cattle maladies, swine fever, and what not, on a whole neighbourhood. It may be suggested that restrictive covenants to secure legal enforcement might be made to require proof of general neglect, or thriftless and wasteful farming. All possible freedom within the bounds of good agriculture and due discretion is to be desired, but the purely speculative husbandry of those who would grow new crops, try new courses, and the like, must always wait upon the class, happily sufficiently numerous in England, who own as well as cultivate the land with which and on which they would conduct their experiments.

THE DAIRY.—The dearness of milch kine ever since Michaelmas has been much remarked, but a very good authority has committed himself to the prediction of some cheapening in the early spring. Milk suppliers have, most of them, cows of their own coming into the dairy in February and March; but, in order to fulfil their contracts, they have been obliged to purchase, almost regardless of price. Others have bought freely because they had abundance of food for stock.

THE WILD LIFE OF A SOUTHERN COUNTY found a famous observer in a man of genius, Richard Jefferies. The peculiar style of minute observation which he brought into fashion, however, easily becomes wearisome. Meissonier may be the greatest of French painters, but nothing is more unprofitable than a *tableau* "after Meissonier." In a new book now before us this fault is to a great extent avoided; there are, in especial, some fine notes of the Kentish marshes, in "Woodland, Moor, and Stream." The following, on a sparrowhawk bears out Mr. Wallace's famous theory of colour in animals. "As we near the sea-wall, something shoots over it—a male sparrowhawk in full plumage, a fine little fellow. We crouch down in between the hillocks, and observe his movements; the bird he was after has taken cover. After a sharp turn or two, he settles on a clod of broken-up turf—a perfect study; if you had not seen him perch, you might pass close and not notice him. That tuft of grey seabird matches his grey back, and a stem of broken bulrush, reddish-yellow, tallies with the hue of his barred breast. To all intents and purposes he is invisible. There is a quick movement, for he has just caught sight of what he had lost for a time; one rapid motion of the head and neck, and the hawk is on the wing. A little 'cheep,' and you see him fly past with a dead pipit in his claws."

MR. GLADSTONE, attending Hawarden rent audit for the first time since 1883, was sure of a warm reception, and his speech was one of the most sensible that farmers anywhere have recently had the chance of hearing. To abandon humdrum methods, to venture fearlessly on the new in cultivation, and to be alert in following up this or that line of profit as it opens up, is advice which has the "gist of the matter" in it far more than those specific recommendations of this or that form of culture to which too many good politicians, but somewhat amateur agriculturists, have committed themselves. On the great subject of land nationalisation Mr. Gladstone was very interesting. I do not see, he said, how the State is to be made a good and capable landlord. "Undoubtedly it would be a very favourable change for the farmer if the law of this country were to be that all the cultivators of the soil should also own the soil

they cultivate. But that soil could not be made a present to them, they would have to pay for it." There is none of the obscurity of which Mr. Gladstone is often accused in this pronouncement, and he goes equally to the point when he answers the question, Why don't farmers buy land? by saying, "The farmer ought to make something like a trading profit out of his farming, but the owner of the soil in a country like this can never make a leading profit." Mr. Gladstone afterwards defined a leading profit as ten per cent., and a good land value as three per cent. "Upon the whole, I am inclined to believe that the best and most wholesome system is that which now prevails."

FOOTPATHS.—The Society for the Preservation of Footpaths is prospering. It won its chief case in 1889 against the Great Western Railway, and it also fought ninety-seven other cases. The Duke of Westminster, the Duke of Fife, the Marquis of Hartington, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Lord Claud Hamilton, Lord Granville, Lord Tweeddale, Mr. W. H. Smith, M.P., Mr. Goschen, M.P., and Lord Tennyson are members, the first two being Vice-Presidents, while Lord Ribblesdale is Chairman. It is a pity that a Society like this, whose members possess a total income of considerably over a million per annum, should have to complain of want of funds. The greatest enemies of footpaths are not the owners of land, but a minority of churlish occupiers, who plough up the paths, put sheep-hurdles across them, and in other ways seek to keep their tenancies as petty parks. The great landowners—except, perhaps, in Scotland—are generally very easy over footpaths.

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

EARLY British legend provides Mr. Ralph Macleod Fullarton with the subject for a dramatic poem, "Merlin" (William Blackwood). In five acts we are told how it came about that "Merulous Merling," to quote the old Scots song, "is wasted away with a wicked woman," and by what arts that fair and guileful enchantress, Vivien, "closed him in a craige on Cornwel coast." For the form of his poem Mr. Fullarton imitates pretty closely Goethe's "Faust," and so the drama is commenced, in a wooded valley opening on the sea, by a "Chorus of Spirits" (unseen) singing:

The god of light with radiant fingers
Bends o'er the earth an azure blaze;
She, warmly wooed, no longer blazes;
But gives her beauty to his gaze.
His smile illumines her secret fountains,
In forests olden glads the gloom,
Rolls the light mist from off the mountains,
And robes the valley-slopes in bloom.

Many of the verses of the prologue show a glad sense of nature-loveliness, expressed with freshness and freedom; while this portion of the poem closes with a highly-wrought eulogy of love by Merlin:

Thine the carol, thine the wail
That greets the dawn, the dark;
Thy sob, the night calls nightingale,
Thy laugh, the day calls lark.

Merlin is depicted so cynically shrewd that the contrast of his now blind, now open-eyed infatuation for Vivien is the more striking. Some of his soliloquies certainly put old thoughts with quite original vigour, especially the one beginning,

Whence then man? Out of God? or Matter?
Or both commingled? A genial batter
Of God and Matter unequally mixed?
Through ingrate Matter a God enervising!

Mr. Fullarton has produced a poem not altogether unworthy of the great foreign master whom he has evidently had before him as an exemplar.

"Wordsworth's Grave" is the title of a contribution to Mr. Fisher Unwin's "Cameo" Series, by Mr. William Watson. It was in the green valley where rest the remains of the gentle Lake poet that he "plucked" what he describes as "these elegiac blooms." Mr. Watson gives an energetic and not unmelodious voice to much honest thought. Although he does conclude a really fine sonnet on "The Soudanese"—as full of indignant passion as Milton's "Avenge, O Lord"—with "O England, O my country, curse thy name!" he is unquestionably a patriot, as these lines taken from another sonnet "On Exaggerated Deference to Foreign Literary Opinion" undoubtedly show:—

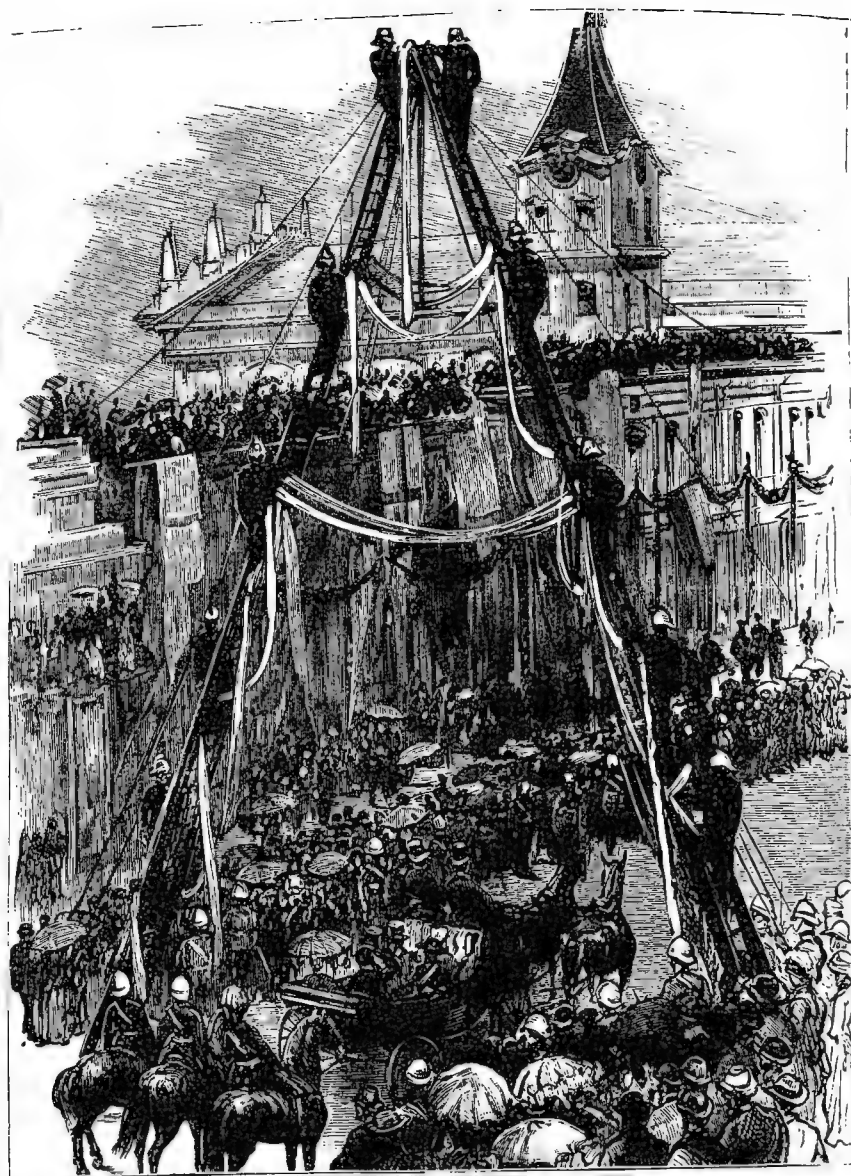
We who alone in latter times have sung
With scarce less power than Arno's exiled tongue—
We who are Milton's kindred, Shakespeare's heirs,
The prize of lyric victory who shall gain
If ours be not the laurel, ours the palm?
More than the froth and foam of the Seine,
More than your Hugo-flare against the night,
And more than Weimar's proud elaborate calm,
One flash of Byron's lightning, Wordsworth's light.

It is a harder task to make a thoroughly satisfactory selection of humorous than of serious verse. The deeper and more earnest emotions enjoy a sempiternal freshness; whereas the humour which delights one generation may possibly seem antiquated and tiresome to the next. Add to this, moreover, that much verse of the lighter kind, and not always the least laudable, lies buried in ephemeral publications, and therefore is not easily disentombed. Then, too, there are copyright hindrances; and there is the undeniable fact that admirers of mirthful verse differ very widely in their estimate as to what really deserves preservation. Bearing in mind all these difficulties, we venture to think that Mr. Ralph H. Caine, in his "Humorous Poems of the Century" (the most recent of the dainty little volumes of the "Canterbury Series" published by Mr. Walter Scott) has made a selection which will give considerable pleasure. He has gathered his examples in about equal proportions from writers of the past and writers who are still with us; and among the latter will be found specimens, to mention only some names, from Wendell Holmes, Russell Lowell, Frederick Locker-Lampson, Arthur Locker, G. A. Sala, Edmund Yates, Lewis Carroll, Cholmondeley Pennell, W. S. Gilbert, Bret Harte, Arthur Dobson, Clement Scott, Perceval Graves, and F. Anstey. Brief biographical notices of the various writers, living and dead, add to the value of this pretty little book.

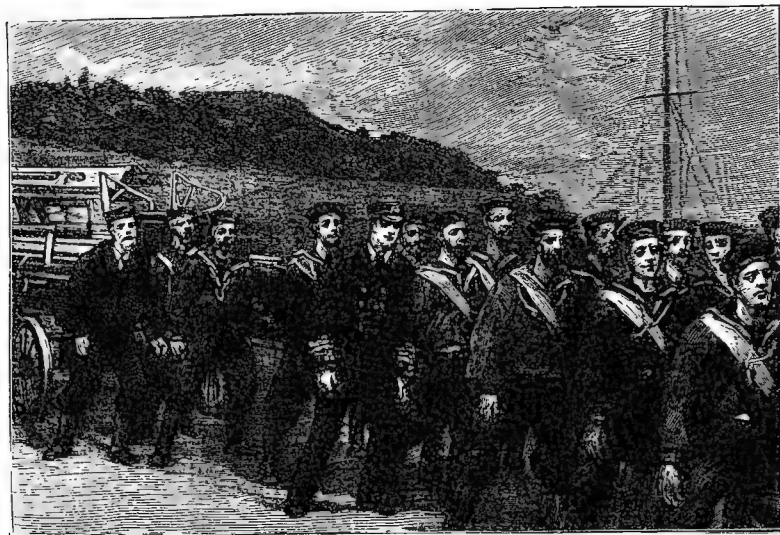
LADY POLITICIANS who take an active part in elections should be careful that their enthusiasm does not carry them too far. A well-known French authoress, who writes *piquante* sketches of Parisian society under the signature of "Gyp," has been brought to trial before a Normandy Court for too much zeal during the late electoral contest. She is a fervent Boulangist, and, when staying at Lion-sur-Mer in the autumn, spent her whole time persuading the voters to elect the supporter of the General in opposition to the Republican candidate. Madame "Gyp"—in real life, Comtesse de Martel—harangued the peasants and the fishermen, petted and gave sweets to the children, and even converted the Mayor of Lion herself, so that he signed the Boulangist electoral address—for which escapade he was promptly dismissed. The Boulangist was elected, and to celebrate his success, the zealous Comtesse, the ex-Mayor, and their friends held a grand banquet, with flags, fireworks, and a salute of the town-cannon, and afterwards paraded the streets with lanterns and banners, singing the "Boulangist March" before the houses of the chief Republicans and the defeated candidate, whose bills they finally confiscated. The Comtesse and the Mayor were accordingly officially reproved and fined by the local Court, but they intend to appeal to a higher tribunal.



THE LATE EMPRESS AUGUSTA OF GERMANY
From a Sketch Drawn from Life by the late G. H. Thomas in 1861, for the Picture of the Coronation,
now in possession of Her Majesty



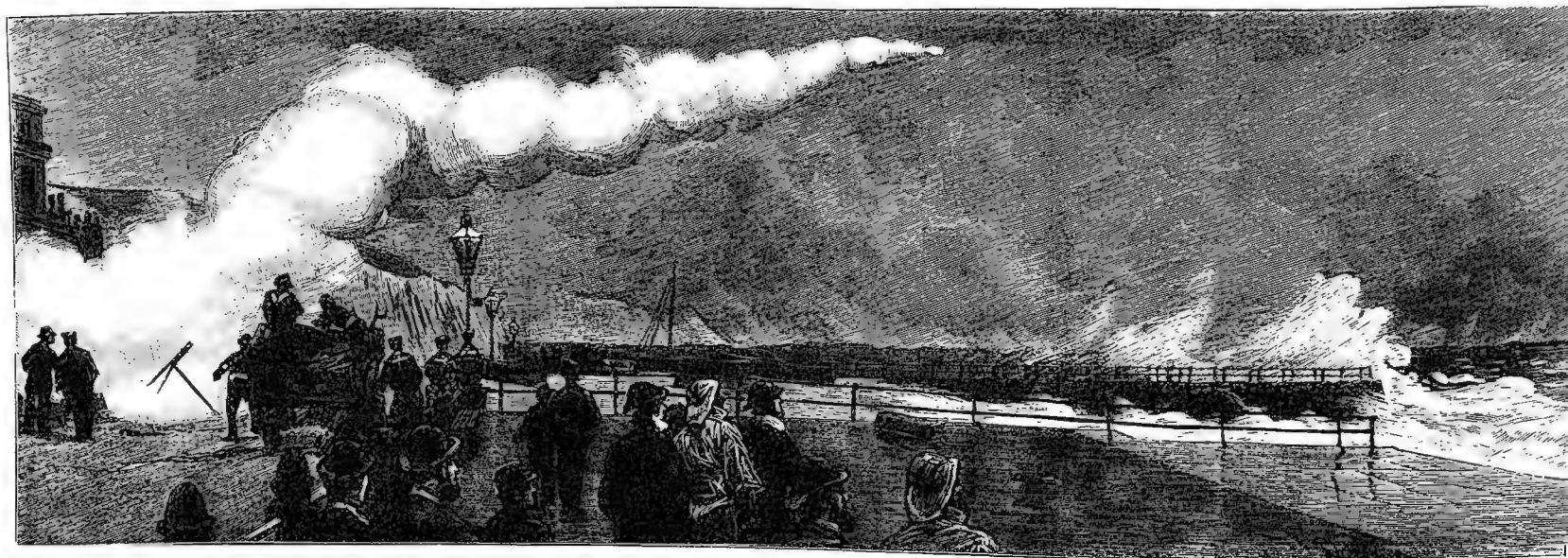
THE ARRIVAL OF SIR HENRY LOCH, THE NEW GOVERNOR, AT CAPETOWN, SOUTH AFRICA



READY TO START FOR THE SCENE OF ACTION



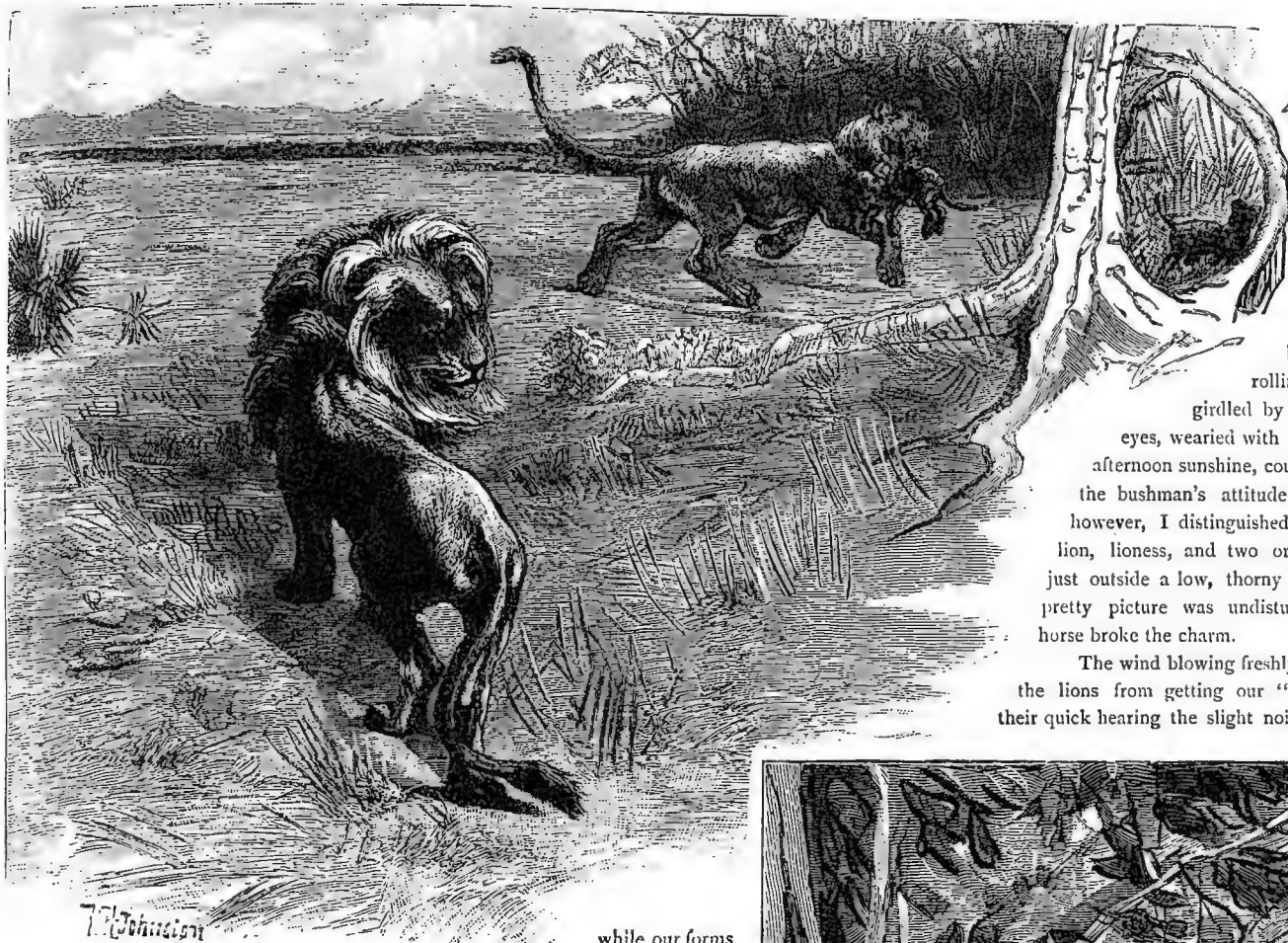
MAN BEING HAULED ASHORE IN A BUOY



THE BRIGADE AT PRACTICE—FIRING A ROCKET OVER THE END OF THE PIER, THE PIER REPRESENTING A WRECK
THE ROCKET LIFE-SAVING APPARATUS AT DOVER

The Story of a Lion Cub

DRAWN AND DESCRIBED BY H. H. JOHNSTON, F.R.G.S., &c., &c.



one day WHEN we were returning to our camp by the banks of the Okalamba River,

in the interior of Ovampo Land,* the little naked bushman, who was running in front of our tired horses, stopped and held up his hand. A turn in the path had brought us in view of a wide-stretching plain, rolling away into blue distance, where it was girdled by the chain of the Ovakele Mountains. My eyes, wearied with peering at distant game, and dazzled by the afternoon sunshine, could at first detect nothing which should warrant the bushman's attitude of mingled eagerness and fear. At last, however, I distinguished, with a sudden start of recognition, a group of lion, lioness, and two or three cubs, lying on the warm, red earth, just outside a low, thorny thicket. For just, perhaps, one second the pretty picture was undisturbed, and then a snort from my trembling horse broke the charm.

The wind blowing freshly across the plain into our faces had prevented the lions from getting our "scent," and doubtless also had kept from their quick hearing the slight noise caused by the advancing troop of hunters,

while our forms had been concealed from their sight by the thick brushwood bordering the path. But as soon as my frightened, restive horse had expressed his alarm by a loud snort, the lion jumped angrily to his feet, and stood facing me not more than twenty yards away, lashing his tail from side to side, and watching me steadily out of his big yellow eyes, while the lioness, picking up one of the cubs in her mouth, trotted away into the thicket, preceded by her other little ones, who quickly hid themselves in the brushwood.

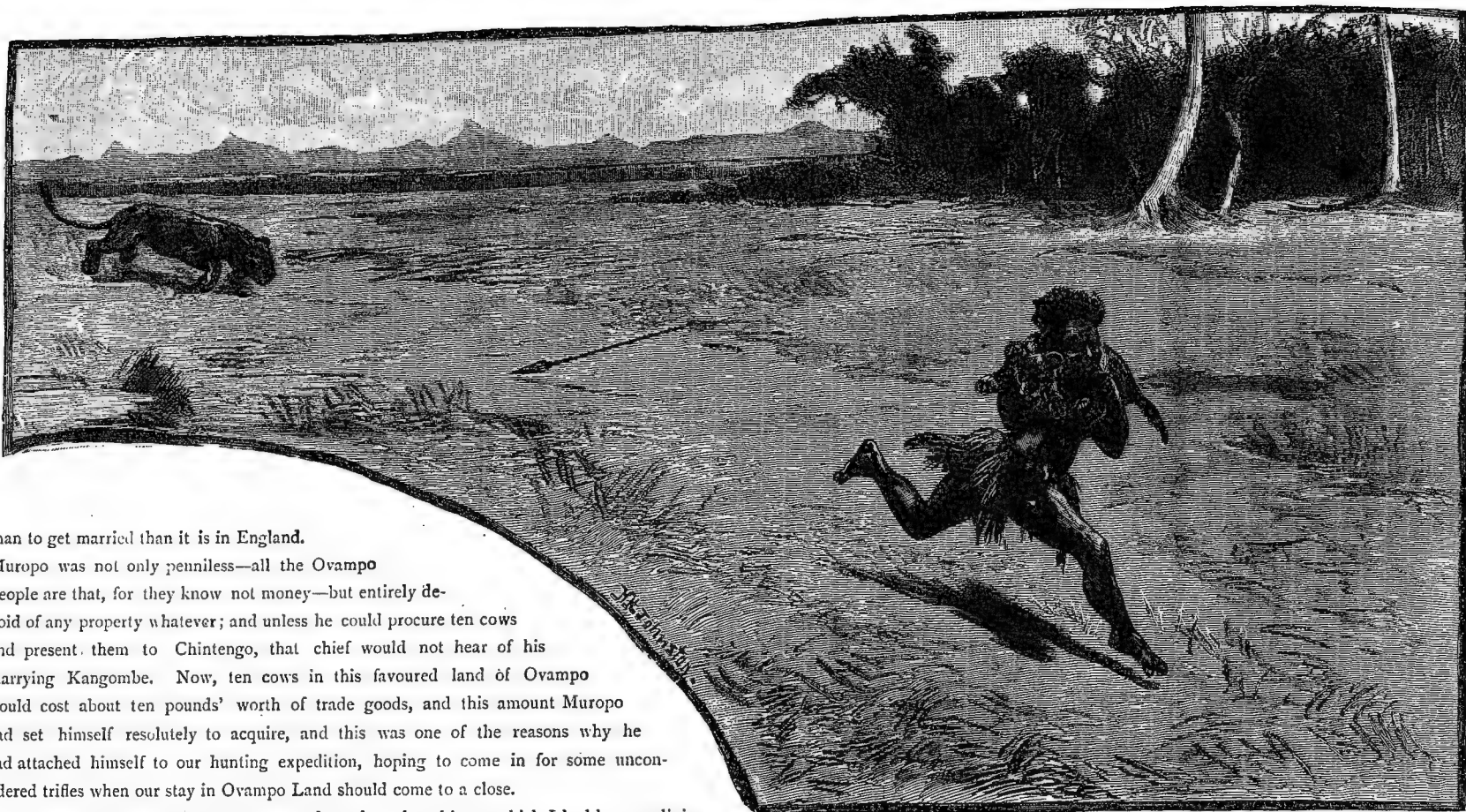
Meanwhile, my first start of surprise over, I had seized my gun from the holsters, and, as well as the fidgety backing of my horse permitted, I took aim at the lion's forehead between his eyes, and fired. As soon as the smoke had cleared away, I saw the lion shaking his head and staggering; then he fell forward on his front paws; but, just as I was riding up to deliver an effectual shot which would decide his fate, he gathered all his faculties together and made a kind of stumbling rush at my horse. The frightened creature got beyond my control, and galloped madly back along the track we had come by, and I was only able to stop it when we came up with the rest of the party, who, hearing a shot, had hurried forward. As soon as I called out "Lions!" to Calverley, my companion, he spured on his horse, and we both arrived simultaneously at the spot where I had first fired. There, across the track, lay the lion in a heap, quite dead. He was a young animal, with a scanty, yellow mane, but a good-sized beast for all that. I began to think now about the lioness and her cubs, and proposed we should follow her up, as I was particularly anxious to obtain a lion-cub. We went a little way on foot into the thicket, but it was impossible to see anything, and, owing to the cruel thorns, our progress was much impeded, and very painful. Moreover, the sun was fast approaching the horizon, and we had still a long way to ride into camp. Accordingly, with much reluctance, I jumped on to my horse, and left the lion-cubs and their mother undisturbed in their retreat, while some of our camp followers, having cut down a stout sapling and docked its branches, were lashing the carcase of the lion to the middle of the pole, and preparing to transport him bodily to our camping-place.

That evening, over the big blazing camp-fires, when Calverley and I had finished our dinner of rietbok steaks and bread and honey, we sat chatting cosily, and sipping our mugs of hot, strong coffee. I enjoyed all the exhilaration of having for the first time killed a lion, and listened complacently while old Willem Klester (the Boer who looked after our waggons) recounted many lion episodes in which he had taken a leading part. The slain lion had already been skinned, and his hide was pegged out in the camp enclosure. Some Ovampo men were scraping off the fat, and rubbing the inner surface of the skin with wood-ashes to absorb the grease. One of them, I noticed, worked away with especial zeal. He was a fine-looking creature, fully six feet in height, with a well-knit frame and a pleasant face. His name was Muropo. Every one in camp liked him, and every one knew his little history. Muropo, strange to say for an African, was actually in love! And the object of his affections was Kangombe, the daughter of the old chief Chintengo, who ruled over a considerable village some ten miles from our camp. Unfortunately, in Africa, as a general rule, it is not much easier for a penniless young



I SAW IN THE HOLLOW BETWEEN THE ROOTS OF A BIG TREE THREE LITTLE CUBS ABOUT TWO MONTHS OLD

* Ovampo Land is in South-west Africa.



I PUT THE CUB ON MY SHOULDERS AND SET OFF RUNNING AT THE TOP OF MY SPEED

man to get married than it is in England.

Muropo was not only penniless—all the Ovampo people are that, for they know not money—but entirely devoid of any property whatever; and unless he could procure ten cows and present them to Chintengo, that chief would not hear of his marrying Kangombe. Now, ten cows in this favoured land of Ovampo would cost about ten pounds' worth of trade goods, and this amount Muropo had set himself resolutely to acquire, and this was one of the reasons why he had attached himself to our hunting expedition, hoping to come in for some unconsidered trifles when our stay in Ovampo Land should come to a close.

When my coffee was finished I got up from the zebra-skin on which I had been reclining, and went to look at the way my lion's hide was being prepared.

"Well, Muropo," I said, in my imperfect Ovampo speech, "why didn't you catch one of those little lions when I had shot the father? Eh? You know how much I want to have a live lion-cub to send to my country."

"Oh, master!" he replied, laughing, "you didn't think Muropo was such a strong man that, without a gun, he would be able to snatch a lion-cub from its mother's mouth, did you? Why, I had not even a spear."

"Yes, but the lover of Kangombe should be strong enough for anything single-handed. You'll never win your wife that way. Supposing you had caught one of those lion-cubs, and brought him to camp, I might have given you enough to buy five cows, and there would be half your marriage money."

"What?" exclaimed Muropo, starting up with an eager look in his eyes. "You are speaking truth, master? You would give me five cows for one of those small lions?"

"I would, really."

"I won't forget that; I won't forget that," he repeated slowly to himself, sitting down again on his haunches and taking up some more wood ashes to rub on the skin.

Then, as I turned to leave him to go to my tent, he jumped up once more and laid his hand on my arm.

"Master," he said, "you are not playing with me, are you? You will really pay me enough to buy five cows if I bring you a lion-cub?"

"Yes," I answered, "I really will," and then I walked away and went to bed.

The next morning we had arranged to start at dawn and make our way to the reedy marshes of the Okalamba River, for the purpose of intercepting the hippopotamuses out for their morning feed. Our camp followers had large appetites, and a bulky hippopotamus went far to satisfy their hunger for a day or two. On this occasion we managed to kill two, and after sending for the men to cut up and carry away the meat, we strolled over the plains during the afternoon and shot bustards and guinea-fowl. Our horses were having a day's rest at the camp, which they spent in grazing and rolling on their backs amid the stubble herbage.

After dinner, I again went to see how the lion's skin was getting on, and I missed Muropo's stately form among the group of camp followers who were dressing the pegged-out skin. He had not been seen or heard of all that day, but his absence excited little attention, because it was supposed that he had gone over to Chintengo's town to see his sweetheart. However, just as we were going to bed there was a commotion in the camp, and a black, wild-looking figure, carrying something large and furry in his arms, rushed through the crowd of beaters, guides, and trackers, and threw himself down on the ground close to my tent. It was Muropo, and he had brought a little lion-cub, with its paws tied together. The poor little thing mewed piteously, so while Muropo went to wash off the blood with which his body was caked, I had the leather thongs cut which tied the cub's paws together, and sent for some goat's milk, which it eagerly lapped. Presently I saw Muropo very busily chawing a piece of "biltong,"* and called him up to hear his adventures. I also roused Calverley, and made him listen, although he would much sooner have gone to sleep.

* "Biltong" is the flesh of animals cut into long strips and dried in the sun.

And this is the tale which Muropo told us. I give it to you in his own words, as far as it is possible to translate his Ovampo speech into English.

"Master, you know you told me yesterday evening that you would give any one five cows who could bring you a lion cub. Well, I thought of that all night. I said to myself, 'If I can get one of the small cubs we saw the other day, when the white man shot the lion, that will bring me half the purchase money of Kangombe, and I shall soon be able to make up the other half, and get married to my sweetheart.' So this morning, at dawn, I started for that open place on the border of the Ongayé Forest, where we saw the lions yesterday. I soon found the foot-prints of the lioness, going into the forest and coming out—those coming out were the freshest, so I guessed she had gone out foraging for her cubs. Then I began to follow the spoor which led me into the bush, for I knew these tracks were likely to lead to the place where she kept her cubs. I walked very slowly and very softly, for, you see, I had only my 'onjelia' * with me, and no gun, and if the lioness was in the wood I wanted to see her before she saw me. At last I heard a little whining noise, and, pushing my head through the leaves and twigs, I saw in the hollow between the roots of a big, big tree, three little cubs about two months old. As quick as possible I had jumped over the root and picked up one of the cubs. It was not very frightened, and didn't struggle much, being used to be carried about by its mother. I held it tight under my left arm, and crept out of the forest. When I was just outside, and stopping to pick a thorn out of my foot, I heard a low growl, and, looking up, I saw the lioness walking slowly towards me. My knees trembled, and I felt a dead man already, but I did not let go of the cub. Facing the lioness, who had stopped, and was sitting on her haunches, lashing her tail gently from side to side, I walked backwards till I was quite clear of the bush, and out on the open plain. Then the cub gave a yelp, and the lioness suddenly got up and commenced trotting towards me. Master, I got frightened. I thought I would run. An Ovampo man can run faster than a lion; but I had got this cub and a spear to carry. However, I picked up a big stone and threw it to the lioness. She stopped, turned round, and smelt it. Then I put the cub on my shoulders and set off running towards the camp at the top of my speed. Soon I heard a roar behind me, and there was the lioness bounding along after me. I turned round and hurled my 'onjelia' at her. I missed; but she stopped for a minute to smell it. Then I ran on harder than ever. Still she came after me, faster and faster. I jumped over sticks, and pushed through thorns, and never stopped. But the lioness never lost sight of me. At last I was thinking I would throw away the lion cub to save my life, when suddenly I fell through the grass into a deep pit. It was one of those 'Okweve' † that we dig for catching elephants and rhinoceroses. There was a big, sharp iron stake at the bottom, standing upright. Fortunately, I fell down the side and missed the stake, which is put there for the elephant to fall on, and be pierced by. As I caught at the stems of the grass I broke the force of the fall

* A small spear or assegai.

† Pitfall for catching wild animals, artfully covered with the long stems of grass, thin twigs, and leaves.



SUDDENLY I SAW THE LIONESS SPRINGING INTO THE AIR AND FALLING ON ME

and came to the bottom very little hurt. I put down the lion-cub, and began to consider what I should do if the lioness jumped on me, for she was already standing close to the edge of the pit, looking down on me and growling. I had thrown away my spear, so I had nothing to fight with. Then I noticed that iron stake, and it seemed just the thing I wanted, so I set to work and dug at the ground with my hands till I had loosened the earth, and was able to pull the stake up. As soon as I had got it free, and out of the ground, I crouched down and held it in both hands, pointing the sharp end towards the lioness, who was gathering up her body for a spring. For a short, short time she kept still, only looking at me with fierce eyes, and snarling. Then the cub began to yelp again, and suddenly I saw the lioness springing into the air and falling on me. I don't know what happened then for some time afterwards, for a great blow struck me, and I died.* When I came to life again it was afternoon. The lioness was lying close to me, partly across my legs. She was quite dead, with the

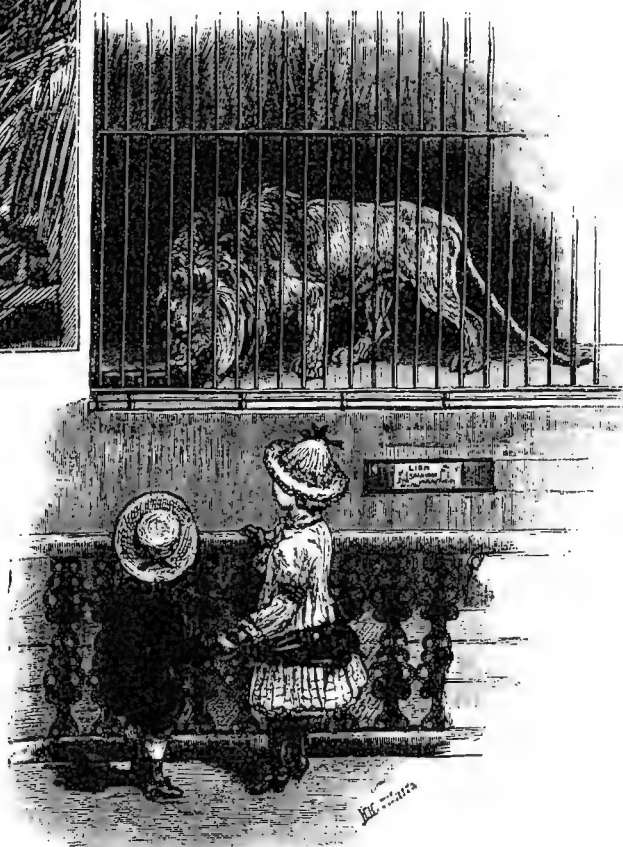
* Lost consciousness

As he grew too old and obstreperous to live in London chambers, we sent him to the Zoological Gardens, where you may see him now, a full grown lion, "presented by Messrs. R. N. Calverley and Arthur Ainsworth."

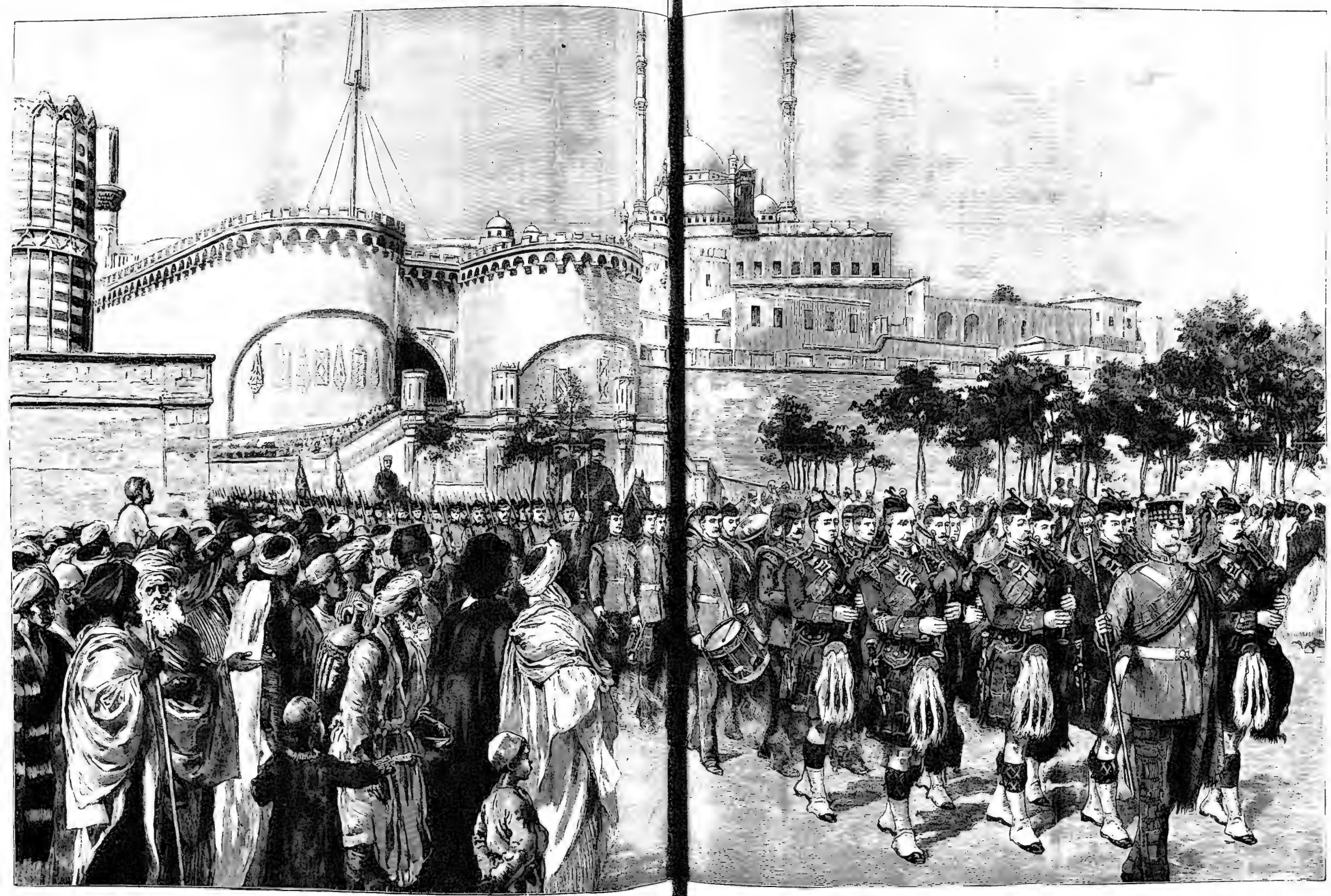
iron stake right through her body. The cub was standing beside her, whining and licking the dry blood. I was covered with blood all over, painted with it thickly, just as we paint our bodies with red ochre and mutton fat before we dance. Most of it came from the lioness, but some had flowed from a wound on my shoulder, where she had struck me with her claws. I felt very sick, Master, very sick. When I tried to stand up everything went round me, and I fell to the ground again. But by and by, as the sun went down, and the evening breeze blew cool, I felt stronger; so I picked up the lion cub and threw him up the side of the pit as far as I could. He held on to the grass stems and scrambled out. I soon climbed after him and caught him. Then I held him in my arms and walked on towards the camp. It was not far, but it took me long to get there. I was very often sick, and had to stop and rest; then the lion-cub was heavy, and my shoulder hurt me. But now I have got here, and I have brought you the lion-cub, have I not? My friends have bound up my shoulder. Master, I have told you all—I am very tired, let me go and sleep."

Muropo got not only his five cows for the lion-cub, but Calverley and myself further added another five as a present, on condition that Muropo celebrated his marriage before we left Ovampo Land. So one day there was a grand festival in Chintengo's town, and, after handing over the ten cows to his father-in-law, Muropo, daubed all over with red ochre and mutton fat, and bravely dressed in the skin of his lioness, espoused the plump and smiling Kangombe, with many strange native rites and customs. Then followed a great orgie of dancing and drinking. The mingled sounds of shouting, drum-beating, and the twanging of native guitars created a deafening hubbub. There was much feasting on roast beef and drinking of maize-beer, and when—for it was the last evening of our stay—I went to take leave of Muropo, I found him genially drunk, with his arm round his wife's neck.

As to the lion-cub, he travelled safely with our caravan to Mossamedes, whence we took him with us to England.



WE SENT HIM TO THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS



THE KING'S OWN SCOTTISH BORDERERS LEAVING THE CITADEL, CAIRO, EGYPT. EN ROUTE FOR INDIA



PORTUGAL has submitted promptly to England in the African difficulty, under pressure of the British ultimatum. Up to Saturday last, the Portuguese Government still endeavoured to obtain delay, proposing to maintain the *status quo* on the Shire while the dispute was submitted to arbitration. All negotiations were stated to be proceeding favourably when Lord Salisbury's decisive Note startled alike the Cabinet and the country. The ultimatum insisted that the previous British demands should be complied with immediately, and that every Portuguese, military or civilian, should be withdrawn from the African territories under British influence or protection—i.e., from the Shire river beyond the confluence of the Ruvo, from Mashona-land, and from the disputed district south of the Zambezi. If these terms were not accepted within twenty-four hours, the British Minister and his Staff would quit Portugal. Mr. Petre communicated the demands verbally to the Foreign Minister, and the Cabinet immediately convened the Council of State, sitting into early morning before finally accepting the British terms. As a minor Power, Portugal, indeed, could not possibly refuse, but her acceptance was made under protest on this ground alone, and she still upholds her historical rights. Further, her speedy decision was prompted by fear lest the British war-ships lately gathered in such force along the East African coast should seize Quillimane, Delagoa Bay, or other valuable points as hostages. Naturally, the submission to Great Britain aroused immense patriotic excitement throughout the country, and noisy mobs paraded the Lisbon streets, finally attacking the British Consulate, where they tore down the National escutcheon. The Government soon restored order, making over sixty arrests, and Señor Barros Gomes made a personal apology to Mr. Petre for the insult to the British flag; but similar scenes took place at Oporto, where the crowd smashed the windows of the English Consulate. At Coimbra, too, the English flag was burnt amid frantic displays of indignation. The students and Republicans lead the mob, and both Lisbon and the provinces are in a most disturbed state, fanned by the outbursts of the Press, which lavishes every abuse on England and her brutality. Only a few moderate politicians have the courage to applaud the Government for considering national interests before popularity, and the Cabinet has accordingly resigned. The leader of the Conservative party, Señor Serpa Pimentel, has formed a new Ministry, including Señor Hintze Ribeiro as Foreign Minister; but the Cabinet is fairly certain to follow its predecessor's policy in most respects, although the Premier favours openly the advance of Portugal in Africa. The Portuguese are all the more wroth at being compelled to retire in Africa, as most optimist news comes from the Zambesi, retelling the success of the Portuguese influence over the natives. As regards foreign opinion on the question, SPAIN and FRANCE side warmly with Portugal, and attack England in virulent style. The Paris Press uses most unmeasured language about "Dame Albion," and the Madrid journals are scarcely more complimentary.

SPAIN has narrowly escaped losing her precious little King. Weakened by being kept on a low diet for his previous internal disorder, Alphonso XIII. was taken with an alarming affection of the heart at the close of last week, and, fever supervening, he remained in the utmost peril for several days. His danger created universal sorrow and excitement throughout Madrid. Crowds waited outside the Palace for the latest news, while inside the building the Royal Family and the chief nobility rallied round Queen Christina, who would not leave her son for a moment, and was almost beside herself with grief. Prayers for the King's recovery were offered continually in all the churches, while at the Pope's command the Nuncio said a special Mass in the Palace Chapel, the Queen following the prayers at her child's bedside. On Sunday morning, however, the little King took a turn for the better, and he has improved steadily ever since, although his prostrate condition arouses great anxiety. This anxiety also extends to Queen Christina, who is much unnerved by the crisis. Her devotion to her child has further endeared her to the Spaniards, yet it is doubtful whether her popularity would prove lasting if the Crown were to pass by the King's death to his sister Mercedes. After their experience of Queen Isabella, the Spanish people dread a feminine Sovereign. Minute preparations have been made, however, to ensure the Princess's accession under her mother's Regency, should the need arise. Throughout the crisis, all Spanish parties laid aside their differences entirely, the Cortes adjourned, and the Ministerial troubles were left in abeyance, as it was impossible for Queen Christina to attend to State affairs. Indeed, the King's danger seems to have softened the heart of the obstinate Liberals, who are now inclined to support Señor Sagasta.

In GERMANY the funeral of the Empress Augusta took place with great pomp at Berlin on Saturday, the arrangements being almost identical with those for the burial of William I. The Empress lay in State for a day in the Chapel of the Schloss, watched by her Ladies-in-Waiting and faithful friends, and surrounded by wreaths from all countries. A brief Service, attended by the Imperial Family, was held before the coffin was closed, and on Saturday all business was suspended in Berlin for the funeral obsequies. The Chapel was crowded for the religious ceremony, the Emperor and the Grand Duchess of Baden being the chief mourners, while many German Princes attended, with all the notabilities of the Empire, except Prince Bismarck, who stayed away, at the Emperor's request, for reasons of health. After the farewell oration by Dr. Kögel the funeral procession started for Charlottenburg, the Emperor and other Royalties walking behind the coffin to the Brandenburg Gate, whence they drove to the mausoleum. Scarcely a house on the route failed to show signs of mourning, while crowds in black lined the route behind the troops, besides members of the charitable associations in which the Empress took so deep an interest. At Charlottenburg the remains of the Empress were deposited next to those of her husband and his parents, and the funeral ceremonies closed with a final Service on Sunday in the Palace Chapel. The night before the funeral, Germany lost another prominent figure in Dr. Dollinger, who, after recovering from influenza, succumbed to apoplexy. Though nearly ninety-one, he was at work when seized by the fatal attack. His funeral at Munich, indeed, produced as much sympathy and respect as the ceremonial at Berlin. These absorbing events, however, have not obscured politics, for general surprise and excitement have been aroused by the elections for the new Reichstag being fixed for February 20th—fully a month earlier than expected. Probably, therefore, such important matters as the Socialist Bill and the East African steamer subsidy will be kept back for the fresh Parliament, leaving the present body simply to vote the Budget. Accordingly, the members are meekly granting all the Government credits required, notably those for the army and navy, much to Emperor William's satisfaction. The Emperor remarked to the President of the Reichstag that, although the present political situation enabled him to look upon the peace of Europe as fully assured, still, to preserve this peace, it was necessary for Germany to keep her armaments in a high state of excellence—not only the army, but the younger child, the navy. These same pacific views were

expressed in a speech from the Throne at the opening of the Prussian diet on Wednesday, which declared "Germany's relations with Foreign Powers are good in every quarter." His Majesty has once more expressed his displeasure against the High Conservative party and their leader, Baron Hammerstein, for attacking the Cartel coalition, and orders the Baron's journal, the *Kreuz Zeitung*, to be excluded from the Royal Palaces.

At last the influenza epidemic seems on the wane, save in those countries only affected recently. Such, for instance, as Norway, where the mortality is high; PORTUGAL, where the malady rages in Lisbon; and SERBIA, where the young King is among the victims. In GREECE, HOLLAND, and ITALY the outbreak maintains its mild character, though widespread. RUSSIA, the starting point of the epidemic, is almost free by now, and the worst is over in Vienna, but other parts of AUSTRIA still suffer, and HUNGARY experiences a violent attack. However, the schools are re-opening here and in GERMANY, though in the latter country, while Berlin is recovering slowly from the outbreak, the central and southern provinces endure much suffering and inconvenience. Again, in FRANCE the provinces are most affected just now, and Paris is becoming quite cheerful at the decline of the mortality and of the attack in general. President Carnot still feels the effect of his touch of the malady, which also prostrated Lord Lytton. But the re-assembling of the Chamber and the excitement of the bye-elections have provided other interests for the French people besides the wearisome subject of the *la grippe*. Six elections took place on Sunday to replace the Deputies unseated by the Chamber, and three of these favoured Republicans at the cost of Boulangists, two returned Conservatives, and the last requires a second ballot. Instead of the Ministry resigning before the Session commenced, as had been expected, M. Tirard and his colleagues seem pretty firmly seated at present, though their majority in the House is so mixed and unstable that a sudden turn of the tables would surprise no one. However, the Cabinet will endeavour for the present to avoid dangerous subjects, and limit themselves to necessary business, such as the commercial and financial reforms. Accordingly, M. Tirard averted an interpellation proposed by M. Gerville-Réache to elicit the truth of the report that President Carnot proposed to meet the German Emperor at Metz—a rumour which aroused great public indignation and a sudden decline of M. Carnot's popularity. One reason for this decline is the great influence in the President's household of General Brugère, head of the military staff at the Elysée, who is taking the place of M. Wilson towards M. Grévy.

French interests and popularity in EGYPT are once more depressed by the French Government again refusing to agree to the Conversion scheme. As before, France wants some kind of compensation for her consent, and as she cannot persuade England to fix a date for the evacuation, she forces the Egyptians to endure the burden of the land-tax, which they have already named the "French tax." It is much the same part of harassing a weak Eastern Power which is being played by RUSSIA in BULGARIA respecting the new Loan. The Russian Government again appeals to the Berlin Treaty, and by threats of financial pressure tries to coerce Turkey to act. However, the Porte is deaf, while all the Russian Circulars have failed to damage the Loan, which has been six times covered. Russia, indeed, has almost enough to do with her own monetary affairs, as the surplus on the Budget is very small, and considerable sums are set down for military requirements.

In INDIA, Prince Albert Victor is now touring in the North-West Provinces, after a most enjoyable stay at Calcutta. He first spent three days at Benares, and thence went on to Lucknow. A Leper Asylum will certainly be the outcome of his Calcutta visit, the Prince having given permission for the Institution to bear his name, and the native journals want the surplus of the reception funds to be devoted to this purpose. In opposition to the National Indian Congress, whose results are not approved even by the orthodox Hindoo party, the Mussulmans have expressed their views at a Mahomedan Educational Congress, where the speakers urged the increase of friendly intercourse with the European community. The Chin-Lushai Expedition is in a most unfortunate condition from fever and general sickness. Numbers of officers have been invalided, the King's Own Scottish Borderers and the Fourth Goorkhas being especially affected. The Sikkim difficulty once more promises to be settled. The Chinese Ambassador was expected to meet Mr. Hart at Darjeeling last week to arrange the final terms of agreement.

The unseasonable weather lately affecting the UNITED STATES has culminated in destructive storms throughout the country. On Sunday the extremes of temperature varied from 30 below zero on the Canadian border to 75 deg. at Philadelphia, and a violent tornado swept across the Mississippi Valley into Kentucky and New York State, spending its chief fury on St. Louis, where 150 buildings—private houses, factories, and churches—were destroyed, and many persons killed and injured. Clinton, in Kentucky, suffered almost as severely, eleven lives being lost and fifty-three people badly hurt. Blizzards raged throughout the Central States, wrecking the telegraph poles, and the Western States experienced serious storms and snowfalls. CANADA was affected similarly next day, when terrific gales and rains caused enormous damage throughout Ontario and Quebec. The new Anglo-American Extradition Treaty adds some dozen extraditable crimes to the Ashburton Treaty of 1842, but does not cover political offences. If a prisoner can prove that those persons demanding his surrender on other grounds really require him for a political crime he may be freed at once. Further, the Treaty is not retrospective. Speaking of trials, a new hearing of the Cronin case has been applied for, as the accused's counsel allege that the late trial was unfair, and fresh evidence is now forthcoming. Four towns are contending for the honour of holding the World's Fair of 1892, and have pleaded their cause before the Senate.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The Anti-Slavery Conference in Belgium re-assembles on Monday. The miners' strike has ended in the masters giving way, so the men resumed work on Wednesday. The working day is reduced to ten hours, with an increase of wages.—The Conciliation Conference in AUSTRIA between the German and Czech leaders in Bohemia has resulted fairly well. While several important points are deferred for future discussion, the two parties have agreed sufficiently to allow of the Germans resuming their seats in the Bohemian Diet, whence they have been absent for three years.—MONACO has welcomed with great enthusiasm her Prince and his new bride, formerly Duchesse de Richelieu.—In BRAZIL, where all seems quiet again, the Government have decreed the separation of Church and State. The late military revolt caused much bloodshed, for 100 mutineers were killed in the fray, and 21 ringleaders executed. The Emperor is in the Pyrenees with his family, consoling himself by studying the Basque language and customs.—In PERU the Government has formally ratified the "Grace Contract," and settles the bondholders' claims against Chili by concessions to the amount of two and a-quarter millions.

THE PARIS EXHIBITION LOTTERY PRIZES will be drawn on the 27th inst. There are five thousand prizes, worth altogether some 850,000*l.* The General Official report will occupy 150 volumes, and will take a year to prepare. Two albums containing views and descriptions of the chief features of the Exhibition will also be published for the public benefit.



A SPECIAL SERVICE in memory of the late Empress Augusta of Germany was held at Osborne on Saturday, by the Queen's command, at the same hour as the funeral at Berlin. Her Majesty, with Princesses Louise and Beatrice, the Duchess of Albany, and Countess Feodore Gleichen, attended the Service in the private chapel, where Canon Prothero officiated, and appropriate hymns were sung. Next day the Royal party again attended Divine Service in the private chapel, Canon Capel Cure officiating. The Canon also dined with the Queen in the evening, while next day Princess Louise and Lord Lorne left for town. In the evening Mr. Matthews, Lieut.-Gen. Sir Leicester Smith, Sir H. and Lady Ponsonby, and Lieut.-Gen. Vesey joined the Royal party at dinner. Her Majesty has taken her usual walks and drives with the Princesses.

The Prince of Wales and Prince George have spent this week in Dorsetshire. The Prince came up to town on Saturday from staying with Baron Hirsch, at Merton Hall, Norfolk, and in the evening presided at Professor Max Müller's lecture at the Royal Institution, relating to the new Imperial School for Modern Oriental Studies. On Sunday the Prince went to church and visited the Duke of Cambridge, and next day the Princess, with Prince George and the Princesses Victoria and Maud, arrived in London from Sandringham. In the evening the Prince of Wales presided at a banquet in aid of a "National Leprosy Fund." The Princes left on Tuesday for Canford Manor, Dorset, to stay with Lord and Lady Wimborne, the old town of Wimborne preparing a hearty reception. The Princess and daughters were to have joined the party, but owing to a severe cold the Princess was not well enough to leave town, and the Princesses accordingly remained behind with their mother. At Canford Manor the Prince and his son occupied the new wing lately added to the house. Wednesday was spent in shooting through the Canford Woods and the covers at Inerly, with a dinner party in the evening. Next day the Royal party drove to Bournemouth, where the whole town kept holiday, and handsome decorations, triumphal arches, &c., had been erected. After receiving addresses from the Town Commissioners and the Freemasons, the Princes opened and inspected the Victoria Jubilee Hospital, and before leaving the town lunched at Lord Wimborne's residence, Branksome Dene. Shooting again was arranged for Friday, besides a musical party in the evening at Canford Manor, the ball having been given up in consequence of the Court mourning. To-day (Saturday) the Royal party will visit Poole to open the People's Park, given by Lord Wimborne, and later go to Parkstone to inaugurate the public recreation ground, leaving subsequently for town. The Prince of Wales leaves for the Continent next week. He is expected first at Berlin, whence he goes to the Riviera for three weeks. He will lay the foundation stone of the new St. Martin's Vestry Hall and Public Library during the second week in March.

The Duke of Edinburgh has been at Berlin to attend the Empress Augusta's funeral. He stayed with the Empress Frederick at her Palace. Prince Christian was also present, having delayed his return to England on purpose, and did not reach Cumberland Lodge till Tuesday. The Duchess of Edinburgh joined her husband at Berlin later, and the Duke and Duchess will now go to St. Petersburg for six weeks.—Princess Louise, younger daughter of Prince and Princess Christian, has had influenza at Darmstadt, while at home the Duchess of Teck has also been a sufferer.—Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne), on Tuesday, opened the Loan Exhibition of Pictures at the Camden School of Art, Camden Road in aid of the Building Fund of the Great Northern Central Hospital.



UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER arrangements have been made by South London Churchmen for the delivery, in the Lambeth Baths, beginning Tuesday evening, September 4th, of a series of lectures on "Christianity and Socialism," each to be followed by a discussion, in which workmen are invited to take part.

THE BISHOP OF GLOUCESTER AND BRISTOL, in his newly issued Pastoral, referring to the proposals for a re-union of the Christian Churches, says that he formerly held private and authorised conferences with the representatives of one of the great Nonconformist bodies. He was profoundly impressed by the friendly and Christian tone of the meeting; but, he adds, "what was the upshot?" "That we parted, amid expressions of the deepest and truest friendliness, with the profound conviction on both sides that, so far as we were then permitted to see, anything like re-union was not possible. The question of Orders was the chasm over which we could cast no bridge."

AT A REPRESENTATIVE MEETING OF SUNDERLAND CLERGY AND OTHERS, a resolution was adopted, recommending the erection of the Church of St. Hilda, as the people of Sunderland's memorial to the late Bishop of Durham.

THE DEATH, in his fifty-seventh year, is announced of that well-known cleric, the Rev. Dr. Richard F. Littledale, LL.D., of Trinity College, Dublin, his *Alma Mater*, and D.C.L. of Oxford. He took priests' Orders in 1857, and held for some years the curacy of St. Mary-the-Virgin, Crown Street, Soho. But chronic ill-health did not allow him to devote himself to parochial work, though he often preached for friends, and was an effective Chaplain of the House in Queen's Square, Bloomsbury, belonging to the East Grinstead Siste. hood. His principal occupation was literary work of a theological kind, controversial and historical, and his many writings were all pervaded by a strongly Anglican spirit. At the same time he was a strenuous opponent of Romanism. Two of the most popular of his writings were, "Why Ritualists do not become Roman Catholics" and "Plain Reasons against Joining the Church of Rome," which both, issued by the Society for the Propagation of Christian Knowledge, had an immense circulation. He contributed several articles, among them those on "Jesuits" and "Council of Trent," to the ninth edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica." He also edited St. Anselm's remarkable treatise "Cur Deus Homo?" Dr. Littledale is understood to have been for many years a principal contributor to the *Church Times*.

THE SILVER JUBILEE TESTIMONIAL to Cardinal Manning is to be increased by a subscription from various river-side workers in recognition of the part he took in bringing the recent strike among the dockers to a satisfactory conclusion. This decision was come to at a crowded meeting at the East End. Mr. Ben Tillett was among the speakers, and he told his audience that they were more indebted for their "tanner" to Cardinal Manning than to any other living individual.—The general subscription to the Cardinal's Silver Jubilee Fund amounts to 3,000*l.* It is hoped this may reach 4,000*l.*

with which it is proposed, this being his own desire, to free the Pro-Cathedral, Kensington, the Cardinal's own church, and present it to him.

OF A SUM of 22,000*l.* bequeathed to charities by Mr. John Farnworth, timber merchant, Liverpool, the Wesleyan Methodist Ministers' and Ministers' Widows' Auxiliary Fund receives 5,000*l.*, the Wesleyan Theological Institution 2,000*l.*, and the Wesleyan Missionary Society 1,000*l.*

ACCLIMATISATION

THE study of acclimatisation leads us to the conclusion that it has been one of the most powerful agents in the marvellous development of the two Continents whose discovery was put off for so many generations. Had it not been possible to acclimatise the more serviceable animals, grains, and fruits of the Old World, the stories of America and Australasia would read far less favourably than they do. The myriads of sheep which are now pastured in New Zealand, and which enable the inhabitants of that colony to supply their Mother Country with vast quantities of both food and clothing, are as striking an existence of the value of acclimatisation as can be found. When New Zealand was discovered, its most important mammal was a rat, and had it not been possible to induce larger animals to live there, the progress of this colony could not have touched the extraordinary point to which it has attained.

What would the price of a loaf be to-day had it not been discovered that wheat can be grown successfully in countries where the low value of land enables farmers to cultivate and ship it to our shores at as low a price as that at which it can be produced here? The immense quantity of American wheat which reaches our ports every year has all sprung from seed which was sent across the Atlantic from England.

In less important instances acclimatisation has proved extremely successful. The camel, for instance, which since the earliest days of the world's history has enabled man to traverse deserts in Asia and Africa, which but for its aid must have been insurmountable barriers to him, has done good service on the arid sands of Australia. Since the day when a consignment of these useful beasts was sent from India to Port Augusta by Sir Thomas Elder, they have over and over again proved their value in expeditions which had to traverse vast waterless tracts, where the only form of nourishment obtainable was scanty scrub, from which no other animal could have obtained enough nutriment to support life.

Again, New Zealanders have to thank acclimatisation for the honey which is so excellent and plentiful in their country. In "Oceana," Mr. Froude says:—"We found, for one thing, the New Zealand honey especially excellent, taken from the nests of the wild bees which are now in millions all over the colony. They are the offspring of two or three hives which were kept, when I was at Oxford, in the rooms of Cotton, of Christ Church, between whom and his bees there was such strong attachment that a bodyguard of them used to attend him to lecture and chapel. Cotton went to New Zealand with Bishop Selwyn, and took his bees with him, and they have multiplied in this marvellous manner."

That the more recently civilised portions of the earth's surface have not been the only recipients of the benefits of acclimatisation, is shown by the extent to which the potato, originally an American plant, is cultivated and appreciated in this and other European countries. The successful way in which the turkey, another native of America, has been domesticated among us, is a further proof that the advantages of acclimatisation are not altogether on one side.

The results of transporting the products of one land to another have not, however, proved to be invariably beneficial. In support of this statement, the plague of rabbits in Australia, and of sparrows in the United States, may be advanced; though details with regard to both have been so often given that we will not repeat them. It may not be so generally well known that sparrows are proving as troublesome in Australasia as in the States. Some years ago fifty of them were sent to New Zealand in the hope that they would increase and multiply, and serve to keep in check the insects which were such a thorn in the side of the agriculturist. The numbers in which they swarm there to-day show that the former wish has been gratified to the fullest extent possible. Unfortunately, the difference of climate seems to have wrought a change in the habits of the bird which has entirely prevented the realisation of the latter. As a writer in an Australian journal remarks:—

"The sparrow in Australia has conceived a new and larger scheme of life than that with which he was satisfied in the old country. He has entirely abandoned his taste for insects—nothing is sacred from his devastating bill. His appetite for grapes is insatiable; in figs is his delight. In peaches, apricots, nectarines, pears, and plums he makes such havoc as to cause a famine in those fruits, abundantly as they grow in the kindly soil of Australia. The agriculturist has found in him a foe even more terrible than the blight or the caterpillar—wheat, barley, and peas are devoured in the ear and pod when fruit is not in season. When neither grain nor fruit are to be had, then tender flower-buds and succulent young vegetable-shoots are laid under contribution. The fecundity of the sparrow, great as it was at home, has been increased many fold under the more favourable conditions of life in Australia."

In fact, the sparrow has been as great a failure at the Antipodes as the sweet-briar, a root of which was taken by a missionary to his Australian home, that it might serve as a memento of the pretty garden which he left behind him in England. The rich soil of Australia incited the shrub to feats which have made it as unpopular there as it is beloved in the old country. To quote Mr. Froude again:—"At home so chary of growth, it expands here into vast bushes, becomes a weed, and spreads like a weed. It overruns whole fields in two or three seasons, will turn a cleared farm into an impenetrable thicket, and has to be torn out with cart-ropes and teams of horses." The introducer of this plant, which has flourished so unfortunately well in its new surroundings, can have had no idea of the evil results which were to accrue from his act, and may be absolved from blame in the matter.

But forgiveness cannot be extended so readily to the Scotch emigrant who about thirty years ago took with him to the land of his adoption a thistle in a flower-pot. It was carefully transferred to the soil, and its growth was affectionately watched by the exiles from Caledonia. Rejoicings at the kindly manner in which it took to the new country were, however, soon succeeded by dismay at the rapidity with which it spread abroad. The land was soon covered with monstrous thistles that defied attempts at extermination, and bitter are the anathemas which have been heaped upon the head of the patriotic Scot by farmers whose land has been ruined through his fault. His thoughtlessness was certainly most culpable. The smallest amount of common sense would have taught him that the introduction of such a plant as the thistle to the wonderfully fertile soil of Australia must be attended by risks far too great to make the game worth the candle.

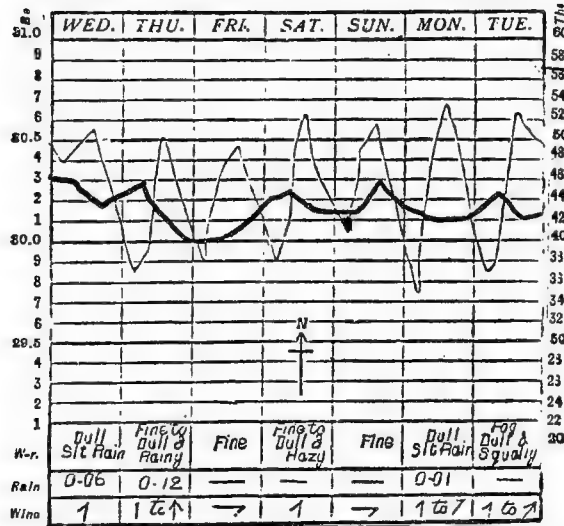
The only real, unmitigated failure in attempts to acclimatise useful British plants in Australia, is the case of the water-cress. It was imported to New Zealand with the reasonable hope that it would prove as acceptable an addition to the breakfast tables of our relatives there as it does to our own. The water-cress, however, rivalled the sweet-briar in the sturdiness of its growth under the new conditions. Rivers were soon choked with the great stalks which its roots threw out, and for some time past a very large amount of expenditure has been incurred in efforts to clear them of it.

The overwhelming rate of increase which the rabbit, the sparrow, the thistle, the sweet-briar, and the water-cress have shown in Australia is to be attributed to the fertility of the soil, which yields abundance of food for bird and beast; and to the feebleness of the native fauna and flora, which offer no opposition to the usurpation of new comers.

We will end with a brief allusion to a very curious side result of acclimatisation. As most people know, New Zealand abounds with parrots, one of which, known as the *kia*, has been led by the introduction of sheep to adopt habits quite foreign to its nature. Soon after sheep became firmly established in New Zealand, the *kia* acquired a taste for the fat that lies round their kidneys, and when the carcass of a sheep was hung up, some of these birds were pretty sure to attack it for the sake of this delicacy. Before long the *kia* discovered that its powerful hooked beak enabled it to obtain the fat it loved without waiting until a sheep was killed. Squatters were horrified to find their flocks decimated by the destructive birds, which perched on the wretched animals' backs, and dug down through skin and flesh to the coveted food. As the *kia* is nocturnal in its habits, and of a dark green plumage, which renders its detection difficult as it flits along the grass, it has proved very difficult to put an end to its ravages. In days gone by the bird was a vegetarian pure and simple, and the extraordinary fondness which it has evidenced for this form of animal food is as remarkable as it is unpleasant. A. S.

WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING TUESDAY, JANUARY 14, 1890.



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the week ending Tuesday midnight (14th inst.). The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—During the whole of this period the barometer has been continuously high over France and Germany, and lowest off our North and North West Coasts. Larger and occasionally deep disturbances have been travelling in a North-Easterly direction outside our Western and Northern Coasts, producing South-Westerly gales and strong winds in Ireland and Scotland, and very mild and showery weather in all parts of the Kingdom. Over the Western and Northern districts the rainfall has been heavy, but in the East and South-East the amounts measured have been comparatively light.

The barometer was highest (30.32 inches) on Wednesday (8th inst.); lowest (30.00 inches) on Friday (10th inst.); range 0.32 inch.

The temperature was highest (53°) on Monday (13th inst.); lowest (35°) on Monday (13th inst.); range 18°.

Rain fell on three days. Total fall 0.19 inch. Greatest fall on any one day, 0.12 inch on Thursday (9th inst.)

THE SO-CALLED "STAR OF BETHLEHEM" is expected to re-appear this year, according to astronomical calculations. This star is believed to appear in the constellation of Cassiopeia about once in every 315 years, and if it is discovered in 1890 it will have been seen seven times since the beginning of the Christian era. It was last found by Tycho Brahe in 1572, and was visible for seventeen months, being so brilliant during the first three weeks that it outshone all stars of the first magnitude, and could be distinguished even during daylight.

THE LITTLE KING OF SPAIN has been very delicate throughout this winter previous to his present dangerous illness, and Queen Christina has experienced constant anxiety over his health. Since he became worse last week she would allow no one else to feed and attend to him, standing patiently by his cot coaxing him to take wine or beef-tea. She is so devoted to her boy that her distress during the crisis was most pitiable. The King looks most fragile as he lies in his nursery with its walls covered with bright pictures. A staircase leads direct to the Queen's rooms, where the members of the Royal Family have remained constantly to be at hand. On Sunday Alfonso was allowed for the first time to see his sister Mercedes, heiress to the Crown, a fine bright girl of nine, much resembling her mother. She is devoted to her studies, speaks French, English, and German already, and is very musical.

THE PEOPLE'S PALACE at the East End will shortly receive important additions. The foundations are being laid of the new Winter Garden provided by Sir Edward Guinness, which will consist of a huge conservatory, divided into temperate and tropical departments, and will open out from the Queen's Hall. Thus, if the Concert-Room is full, the audience can overflow into the Winter Garden and hear the music almost equally well. In the front of the building a clock-tower and drinking-fountain will soon be unveiled, and the large rotunda begun, which is to serve as entrance-hall to the Palace. Here visitors may sit and smoke in the evening, while in the daytime the hall can become a covered playground for the children. More books are greatly wanted for the library. There is space for a quarter of a million volumes, but only 12,000 are forthcoming at present; while, in proportion, readers increase far more than the books. Last year the number of readers averaged 1,100 daily.

LONDON MORTALITY continues unusually high. The deaths last week numbered 2,747, against 2,371 during the previous seven days, being an increase of 376, and 810 above the average. The death-rate reached 32.4 per 1,000—the highest recorded for seventeen years, except on two occasions in 1880, and once in 1882, when cold and fog produced a similar return. Evidently the influenza epidemic is responsible in no small degree for this high rate, as the fatal cases of diseases of the respiratory organs rose to 1,069—an advance of 226, and 522 above the average—and in 1,069—an advance of 226, and 522 above the average—clad many in which influenza alone—an increase of 63. There besides 67 casualties from influenza alone—an increase of 63. There were 112 deaths from whooping-cough (a rise of 14, and 34 above the average), 26 from diphtheria (a decline of 6, but 9 above the average), 24 from measles (a fall of 12), 13 from scarlet fever (a decline of 2), 11 from enteric fever (a decline of 1), 12 from diarrhoea and dysentery (a rise of 2), and one from an ill-defined form of fever. There were 2,818 births registered—a fall of 143, yet exceeding the average by 89—the first excess for very many weeks.



WILD STRAWBERRIES were gathered last week in the Vale of Llangollen, owing to the mild weather. Roses, daisies, stocks, sweet williams, and primroses are also blooming throughout the neighbourhood.

WHITTIER, THE AMERICAN QUAKER POET, has just kept his eighty-second birthday. His health is too delicate to allow him to share in any public celebration, but he received his most intimate friends at his home, and was overwhelmed with congratulatory letters and presents.

A SEMITIC MUSEUM is to be attached to the Harvard University, the first institution of the kind ever established. A wealthy New Yorker has given the necessary funds for the Museum, which will contain relics of the Semitic peoples, and afford facilities for the study of their history and literature.

CLEOPATRA'S TOMB has been found in Egypt during some recent excavations, according to a report to the British Museum. Twenty-five feet below the surface, the excavators unearthed a chamber containing a pyramidal sarcophagus, which experts declare to be undoubtedly the last resting-place of the famous Queen. The sarcophagus is covered with beautiful carvings of female figures and children, laurel crowns, and grapes. It was to be opened as soon as the Egyptian Government granted permission.

A REGULAR SLAVE MART still exists in many country districts of Finland. Once a year such paupers, lunatics, and aged people of each parish as cannot support themselves, are put up to public auction, and consigned to those farmers or families who will board them at the lowest price offered by the parish authorities. The helpless creatures are made to work as much as possible by their owners, who have the right to chastise them, and are generally most inhuman in their treatment. Lunatics have been used even as carthorses.

WITCHCRAFT is still believed in most firmly by the Maoris. A grand gathering and incantation feast have been held lately at Rahotu, near Taranaki, N.Z., to drive away a supposed evil spell affecting a chief's family. A witch-doctor dreamt that the spell was hidden in a stone at the bottom of the sea, and on diving into the water he duly found the stone at the spot pointed out. All the witch-doctors then set to work to exorcise the spell before the gathering of natives, but when the mail left they had been exorcising for a week without result.

ROME is passing through a serious industrial and commercial crisis. For some time past the city finances have been much involved, and the general depression has reacted upon the shopkeepers and the labouring classes. Numbers of unemployed crowd into Rome from the provinces, adding to the mass of Romans out of work; and, though the municipality wish to commence public works for their relief, the money is not forthcoming. Accordingly the unemployed loaf about the poorer quarters in great discontent, and hold outdoor indignation meetings.

A DANTE AND BEATRICE CELEBRATION takes place at Florence during May and June next. It will include an exhibition of women's work, presided over by twelve girls from different Italian districts—all in picturesque local costume—concerts, a literary academy where Italian authoresses will debate, and lectures on Italian women composed by feminine writers of any nationality—the best to receive a prize. One stall in the Exhibition is to contain relics of Beatrice, and all editions and illustrations of the *Vita Nuova*. Italian ladies and gentlemen will do the honours of the Festival, and take part in a "Calendimaggio," or calends of May, consisting of *tableaux vivants* from the *Vita Nuova*, with songs and dances.

THE POSITIVIST CALENDAR has been adopted in Brazil, where, by Government decree, the days of the week and the months of the year are to be re-named according to the doctrines of Auguste Comte. Thus Sunday becomes "Humanidi," the day of humanity, in opposition to any religious meaning, and the six following days are called "Maridi," the husband's day; "Patridi," the father's day; "Filidi," the son's day; "Fratri," the brother's day; "Domidi," the house, or home, day; and "Matridi," the mother's day. The twelve months are rechristened Moses, Homer, Aristotle, Archimedes, Caesar, St. Paul, Charlemagne, Dante, Gutenberg, Shakespeare, Descartes, and Frederic the Great.

A RELIC OF GENERAL GORDON has been presented to the Royal Botanic Society, Regent's Park—a fine double cocoanut, or coco-de-mer, from the Seychelles Islands, in the Indian Ocean. The present specimen was given by General Gordon to General Graham, who has now deposited it in the Society's Museum. In bygone days these nuts were often washed up by the sea in the tropics, and their curious appearance and mysterious origin caused people to believe that they possessed a sovereign virtue for curing diseases, some being even sold for their weight in gold. The coco-de-mer is melon-shaped, and generally from 1 ft. to 1½ ft. long, the shell being often used for making carved ornaments.

FOREIGN TREATY REVISION IN JAPAN is opposed so warmly by a large native party, that numerous demonstrations have been organised throughout the Empire against the Foreign Minister and his schemes. The "Daido" party, who lead the malcontents, performed a grand funeral ceremony, "the Danko-ja-no-Suisoshiki," supposed to represent the burying of all supporters of Count Okuma's revision projects, and caused a regular tumult in their stronghold, Ishidomachi. A procession paraded the streets carrying banners with such devices as "Long Life to Public Opinion" and a huge board inscribed, "Collapse of the Treaty Revision Cause; Count Okuma wounded," which was cast solemnly into the river Koyabe amid great enthusiasm.

THE VALUABLE COLLECTION OF SHAKESPEARIAN TREASURES made by the late Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps is not to belong to Birmingham after all, notwithstanding the deceased owner's wish that the collection should find a home in the leading town of Shakespeare's native county. By Mr. Phillipps' will the Birmingham Corporation were offered a year to find the necessary funds. This year has just expired, and the Corporation cannot afford to buy the collection, having spent too much money on Free Libraries and other "literary luxuries." The collection consists of four divisions: Early engraved portraits of Shakespeare; personal relics; documentary evidence concerning his estates, and persons connected with his biography; and illustrations of places referring to his personal history.

NORTH LONDON now enjoys a first-rate Loan Picture Exhibition, held at the Camden School of Art, St. Bartholomew Road, Camden Road, N., on behalf of the Building Fund of the Great Northern Central Hospital. Having been organised chiefly by Mr. S. J. Hodson, of the Royal Water-Colour Society, the collection contains many interesting water-colour contributions from the Society's Council-Room; while the oil-pictures include numerous familiar works. Altogether there are over two hundred pictures by Sir F. Leighton, Sir J. Millais, Messrs. Alma-Tadema, Poynter, Moore, Brett, Hunter, Carolus Duran, &c.; while Princess Louise, who opened the Exhibition, contributes "A View of Niagara" and two other drawings. A few Old Masters complete the display, which remains open for a fortnight.



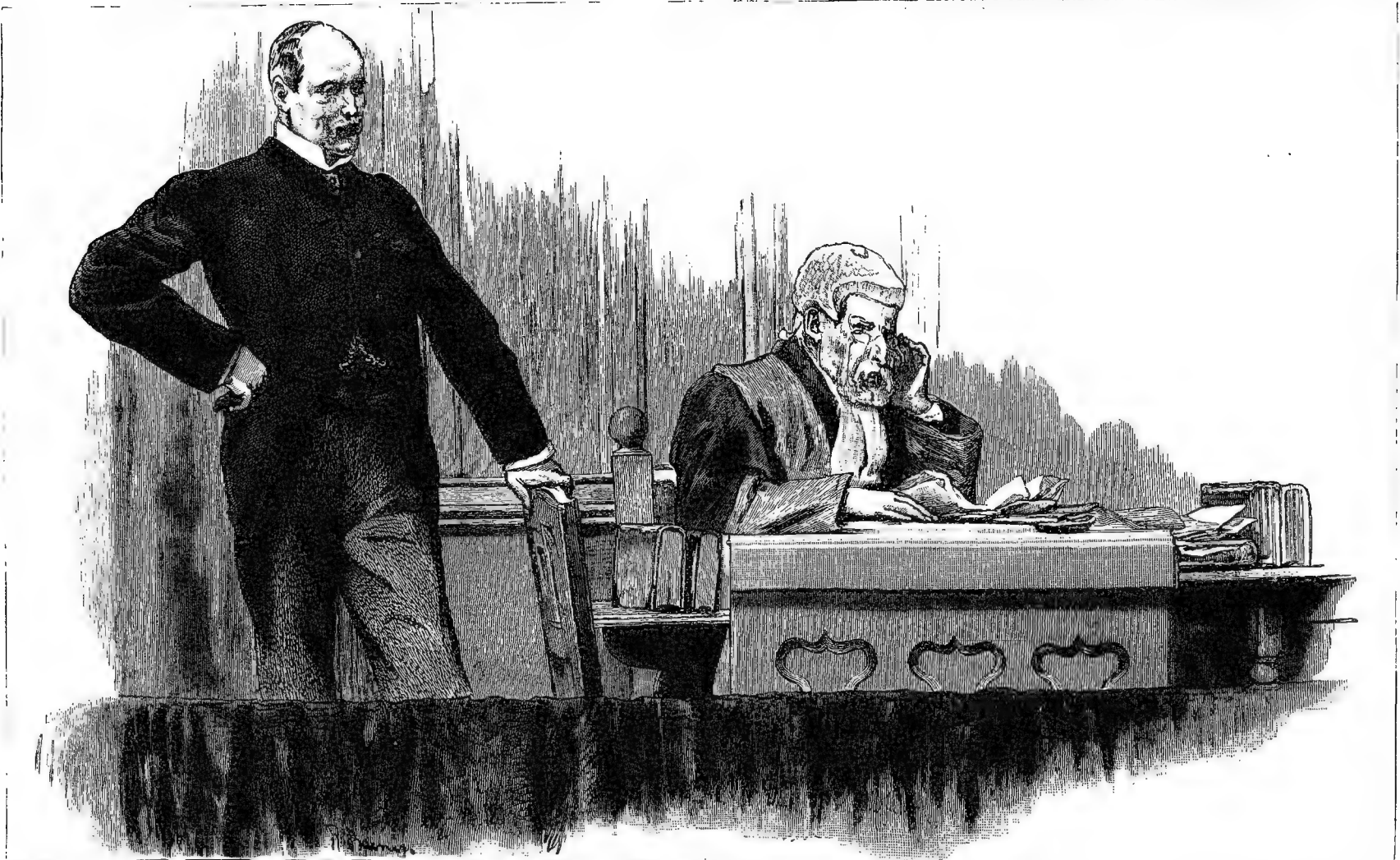
A LICENSED VICTUALLER'S CASE

THERE are some *nisi prius* actions which are really types as well as examples. The audience in Court on these occasions is a study which can be seen at no other time and in no other way. It is distinct altogether from the ordinary crowd which congregates in the Law Courts. There is, of course, always a crowd; the Courts, or most of them, are every day more less thronged. Many people seem to have nothing else to do but to sit on back benches, or in the galleries set apart for the public, all day long, and day by day. There are many figures familiar to every official, and almost every lawyer, which for years have, with never-failing regularity, appeared, and taken up their positions with the same listless indifference, day by day, and week by week. Stories are told about them. Some of them, it is said, are disappointed suitors, others have a personal grievance, and so on; and every now and then one hears how this or that unfortunate *habitué* has died. But the customary frequenters of the Courts, even including these ghost-like figures, which come and go so silently, are not a very enlivening study. The stolidity and, if we may say so, the stupidity about the normal

countenance of the spectator in Court is not inspiring. But in some cases, as we have said, all this is changed. Then all is interest and vigour. The whole Court seems to be alive. There are many such. There are racing cases—of which we have had more than one instance lately; there are money-lending cases, where Hebrews in any number take a lively interest in the proceedings; and there are, as our illustration shows, licensed victuallers' cases, in which all the witnesses are "in the trade," and in which almost all the spectators betray the keenest and liveliest interest. It is easy to believe how the precise question in dispute has been discussed and debated in public-house parliaments, it may be for months, or it may be for years; and we can almost see in the faces depicted here, what a vivid and vital importance the issues at stake possess in their eyes. For the moment the whole world centres in the Court and its precincts. Mark the character in the faces of the audience, which has been happily caught. But no one who strolls into Court when one of these disputes is being heard need be long in finding out that it is no ordinary action that is being

tried; that, to the persons concerned, a momentous question is at stake. And, curiously, trade disputes possess little or no interest for the outside world.

The acoustic properties of Mr. Street's Law Courts have come in for a good deal of wholesale abuse, and not without some reason. They were certainly designed with anything but a single eye to utility. The curious currents of air which, whether due to the ventilating processes in use or not, run here, there, and everywhere, seem to carry the voice in all directions but that required. Many of the Judges, and especially those advanced in years, are keenly sensitive to this defect; and are, perhaps, somewhat intolerant of it. It is, of course, natural that they should resent any suggestion that their difficulties in hearing counsel, and especially witnesses, is due to their increasing infirmities. The Judge is often betrayed into considerable testiness of manner in consequence of the difficulties he experiences in this respect, and our illustration shows his Lordship just after he has summoned the plaintiff on to the Bench in order that he may hear and take down his evidence on his notes.



PLAINTIFF SUMMONED ON TO THE BENCH TO ENABLE THE JUDGE TO HEAR HIS EVIDENCE DISTINCTLY

F. E. BAINE, C.B.
Inspector-General of Mails
THE DUKE OF ARGYLL, K.G.
Postmaster-General from 1885 to 1889

THE MARQUIS OF HARTINGTON, P.C.
Postmaster-General from 1883 to 1879

ALGERNON TURNOR, C.B.
Financial Secretary to the General Post Office

H. CECIL RAIKES, M.P.
Present Postmaster-General, Appointed in 1886

GEORGE SHAW-LEFEVRE, M.P.
Postmaster-General from 1884 to 1885

THE DUKE OF RUTLAND, P.C.
(Formerly Lord John Manners)
Postmaster-General from 1886 to 1889, and from 1893 to 1896



THE JUBILEE OF THE PENNY POSTAGE
A PORTRAIT GROUP OF THE PAST AND PRESENT LIVING POSTMASTERS-GENERAL, AND THE LEADING OFFICIALS OF THE GENERAL POST OFFICE

THOMAS OLDHAM BARLOW, R.A.

Who died on Christmas Eve, was regarded, after the death of Mr. Samuel Cousins, R.A., as the most famous engraver of the day. He was born at Oldham in 1824, and, as he early showed an artistic bent, was, when only fifteen, apprenticed to a firm of engravers, Messrs. Stephenson and Royston, in Manchester, while he also studied at the newly-instituted School of Design in that city. His first important plate was after the "Courtship" of John Phillip, an artist who became his close personal friend, and many of whose pictures he afterwards engraved. But it was in association with Mr. Millais that he was most familiar to the public. What house does



not possess a print of "The Huguenots"? That was the first of Millais's pictures entrusted to Barlow's care; and the reproduction was so successful, that for the future his work was mainly confined to transferring to black and white the designs of this one great artist. Nearly all Millais's famous portraits were eventually engraved by Barlow; who, however, also executed plates after Turner (e.g., "The Wreck of the *Minotaur*") and the "Vintage of Maçon"), Maclise, Landseer, Sant, and others. Mr. Barlow, who was elected Associate Engraver in 1873, Associate in 1876, and full Academician in 1881, was "The Ornithologist" of Sir John Millais's well-known picture.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Done and Ball, 12, Baker Street, W.



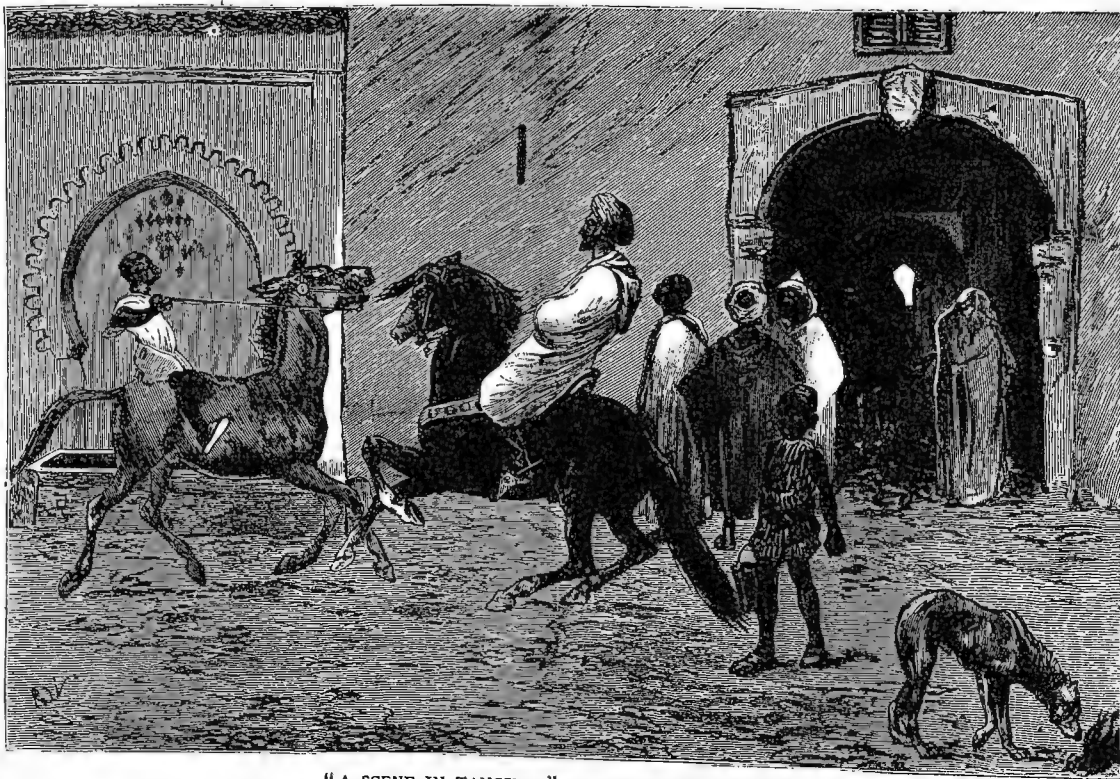
DEATH OF RONCONI.—The death on Wednesday last week of the eminent baritone, Giorgio Ronconi, is announced from Madrid. His decease was erroneously reported seven years ago, and the mistake has crept into some of the musical dictionaries. Ronconi was born in Milan, on August 6th, 1810, and was taught singing by his father, Domenico Ronconi, the famous tenor, who flourished in the early part of the present century. Giorgio was originally intended by his parents for the profession of arms. The composer, Pacini, however, expressed a decided opinion that the young man would become a great vocalist, and his father accepted the advice thus tendered. Ronconi made his *début* at Milan in 1831. He soon made his mark, and was entrusted by Donizetti with the creation of the principal baritone parts in several of that master's operas, including *Torquato Tasso*, *Il Furioso*, and *Maria di Rohan*, in which the rôle of the Duc de Chevreuse was always one of Ronconi's favourite parts. He made his *début* in London in 1842 during Lumley's first season at Her Majesty's Theatre. At first his success was not great, but he speedily won favour, and was ultimately accepted as the successor of Tamburini. He returned to England in 1847, and, with the exception of two years, he thenceforward sang annually at the Royal Italian Opera until 1866. In 1849 he became *impresario* at the Italian Opera, Paris, but the enterprise was not successful, and he soon relinquished it. From 1866 to 1874 he resided in the United States, whence, after his voice had broken, he returned to Europe, started a school for singing at Granada, and finally became one of the professors of vocalism at the Madrid Conservatorium. His remuneration there was small, and he died in poverty, occupying indeed a single apartment with his wife and grandchild. Despite his inveterate habit of singing out of tune, Ronconi enjoyed renown as a vocalist, and, above all, as an actor of remarkable versatility. His dignified bearing as the Duke in *Lucrezia Borgia* contrasted strongly with the whimsical humour which he threw into such parts as Figaro, Leporello, and Masetto. His only real failure was, curiously enough, in the part of Don Giovanni. On the other hand, his *Rigoletto*—of which he was the original exponent at the Royal Italian Opera—was one of the most finished performances which the operatic stage has seen, and upon it his successors, with hardly one exception, have based their conception of the part. Among the characters he created at Covent Garden were Dandolo in *Zampa*, Barberino in *Stradella*, and Lord Allcash in *Fra Diavolo*. He was also a member of the original cast at Covent Garden in Spohr's *Faust*.

MUSICIANS IN CONFERENCE.—The debates at the annual congress of professional musicians held at Bristol last week were for the most part of a thoroughly practical sort. About 300

gentlemen, the large majority of them teachers of music in London or the provinces, out of a total membership of 500, attended to listen to papers on the past and present of the orchestra, by Dr. Longhurst, of Canterbury; on ancient organs and their builders, by Dr. Hopkins, of the Temple Church, and on "Strict Counterpoint," by Mr. Ebenezer Prout; and London; on the musical education of the people, particularly in regard to the tonic-solfa system, by Mr. J. S. Curwen. The principal discussion turned, however, chiefly upon the various systems of piano-forte fingering. Mr. W. H. Cummings easily carried the Congress with him in denouncing the plan in use now only in England of marking the thumb with a cross. He pointed out that the plan of numbering the thumb with the rest of the fingers—1, 2, 3, 4, 5—in which is general throughout the Continent and elsewhere, was in reality the old English system, a return to which he most earnestly advocated. It appears, indeed, that Messrs. Novello, who are among the largest publishers of classical music in London, have already reverted to this plan. Mr. Prout's motion, seeking to make obligatory the questions in strict counterpoint at the examinations held by the Society, could not be carried. The proposer, therefore, wisely accepted a compromise rendering such examinations optional. Mr. C. E. Stephens, treasurer to the Philharmonic Society, provoked considerable amusement when, in the course of the discussion on pianoforte fingering, he referred to the finger upon which a lady wore her wedding ring. Amidst considerable merriment he pointed to the wrong finger, and was playfully rebuked by Mr. Cummings for venturing as a bachelor to talk upon a subject of which he could not possibly have any knowledge.

THE POPULAR CONCERTS.—The Popular Concert season was resumed on Saturday, when a very large audience was attracted, doubtless chiefly by the announcement of Beethoven's Septet for strings and wind—a work which is one of the most popular in the whole chamber music repertory. It was again played by Lady Hallé and her usual associates at the "Pops," among them being the veteran Mr. Henry Lazarus, who on January 1st attained the ripe old age of seventy-five. Mr. Lazarus is now rarely heard in public; and the more is the pity, for his powers—at any rate in chamber music—are, despite his great age, hardly impaired. Sir Charles Hallé played Beethoven's early Sonata in E flat (Op. 7), and Lady Hallé led the always favourite string Quartet in A minor of Schubert. Miss Liza Lehmann, the vocalist, was suffering from the prevalent influenza, and was replaced by Mr. Hirwen Jones, who sang songs by Goring Thomas, Rubinstein, and Sterndale Bennett. On Monday Schubert's Octet occupied the centre of the programme. It was again led by Lady Hallé, and, despite its extreme length, was listened to with every attention by the audience. Unfortunately it was deemed necessary to place last in the evening's programme Chopin's Ballade in G minor, which served for the first appearance at these concerts of Frl. Caroline Geisler, granddaughter of Ferdinand Schubert, and consequently grand-niece of his younger brother Schubert, the composer. The steady exodus which invariably sets in during the last piece at a Popular Concert manifestly disconcerted the young pianist, and prevented her from doing herself justice. Mr. Plunkett Greene, the vocalist, sang songs by Schubert and Schumann, and also the excellent setting to a translation by Miss Marion Chappell (from the German) of a "Magyar Song," composed by Dr. Semon, the eminent throat doctor, who married that charming vocalist, Frl. Redecke.

NOTES AND NEWS.—Mdlle. Emma Turolla, who created the part of the heroine in Massenet's *Roi de Lahore*, at the Royal Italian Opera ten years ago, died suddenly at Pesh last week, at the early age of thirty.—The suicide, while in a state of unsound mind, and at the age of seventy-one, is announced of Mr. J. B. Zerbini, a respected member of the Opera and Philharmonic orchestras. His son, who is now in Australia, was for many years connected with the Popular Concerts.—An exhibition of military musical instruments of all ages is being organised by Captain C. R. Day, of the 1st Oxfordshire Light Infantry Regiment.—Among the Continental sufferers from influenza are Faccio, the famous conductor of Milan, and Mascheroni, conductor at Turin. The malady among the principal singers of Italy is, however, widespread.—Mr. Cowen has nearly finished three out of the four acts of his new opera, which the Carl Rosa Company will produce at Drury Lane at Easter. It is founded on a Viking story of Love and War, and in the music a serious attempt has been made to imitate the Scandinavian style.



"A SCENE IN TANGIER:" BY THE LATE MR. WAKE

MR. WAKE'S LATEST WORK

In a handsome volume Messrs. Field and Tuer have issued "Sketches and Letters on Sport and Life in Morocco," by Richard Wake. Mr. Wake was a young artist of rare talent who, had he lived, might have made a distinguished name. He was the son of Mr. Harold Crawford Wake, C.B., late of the Bengal Civil Service. In 1887-88, young Wake was at Tangier, and it was there that these sketches (one of which we reproduce above) were made. Later, he went to Suakim with the view of seeing some fighting, and from there sent some excellent sketches to this journal. Richard Wake did not, however, live to see his work engraved and printed. On

December 6th, 1888, he was struck by an Arab bullet while riding out to inspect the works at Fort Gemaizeh, and the following day he died, aged twenty-three and two months. Thus suddenly was a most promising young life cut short. That he had talent for draughtsmanship of a high order this book clearly shows. His work is seldom highly finished, but his sketches are remarkable for the dexterity with which they seize and reproduce the phases of rapid motion in animals. His horses are always good, but in drawing the human figure he was less certain. The book deals almost wholly with sport, the greater part being devoted to the inevitable pig-sticking. Some of the illustrations of bustard-shooting, which have already appeared in this journal, are good examples of Richard Wake's work. "The great bustard," he says, "is certainly the bird *par excellence* of Morocco; he stands nearly three feet high, is the most difficult to shoot, and the best to eat." The birds are very timid, and the best plan to get them is to ride until you meet a native who has seen some, and then take him with you to point out the place and hold the horses. If winged, they run like racehorses, and have to be pursued with dogs or on horses. The letterpress which accompanies the illustrations, being from private letters, is not formal in its style. It is vivid descriptive writing, well-matched with the rapid and vigorous drawings. A word of praise should be given to the publishers for the excellence of their reproduction of the originals.

CORFU AS A WINTER RESORT

THE recent visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to Corfu, when on their way to the Royal wedding at Athens, and the announcement that Prince Henry of Battenberg has sailed thither in his yacht for two months' shooting, may perhaps draw the attention of the sportsman or the tourist, crowded out from the other shores of the great inland sea, to what was, thirty years ago, the favourite quarters of the British army. Even now, the mere mention of the name of Kepkrya raises resurrection in the eye of some grumbling specimen of the half-pay list. Such a climate! Such a snipe! Alas! that the Liberal Government of the day should have shuffled out of these "islands of the blest," and that the Union Jack no longer waves over Corfu!

As long ago as 1823, Byron, in advance of his age as a globe-trotter, wrote thus appreciatively of the Ionian Islands:—"The resources, even for an emigrant population in the Greek islands, alone, are rarely to be paralleled, and the cheapness of every kind of not only necessary, but luxury (luxury of nature), fruits, wine, oil, &c., in a state of peace, are far beyond those of the Cape and Van Diemen's Land, and other places of refuge, which the English people are searching for over the waters."

But the means of reaching these isles, where, in Homeric times, Penelope pined and Sappho sung, are easier than in Byron's day. In three days the Indian mail, with sleeping cars, lands the London traveller at Brindisi, whence two lines of steamers, the Greek, quick but dirty, the Italian, slow but clean, run to Corfu in twelve hours, nearly every day in the week. The views of "Sull's shaggy shores," and "stern Albania's hills," rising 9,000 feet high, and snow-clad in winter, are simply magnificent, as one enters the narrow straits leading to the Bay of Corfu, a favourite torpedo practice ground with our Mediterranean squadron.

Corfu is a fine-looking town of some 30,000 inhabitants, clean, and with houses mostly five stories high. Here mingle many races and tongues—Jews, Maltese (who came with the English, and are market-gardeners), Italians, and Greeks, who share the trade; Albanian labourers, mostly refugees from across the Straits, victims of Ali Pasha's tyranny; and, lastly, English, left behind in the evacuation of 1864.

The wine-trade is considerable, and is mostly with France, where the sweet, but excellent, Ithaca wine, at two shillings a gallon, would appear to turn into claret! The usual currency is dirty paper notes, at thirty-two francs to a sovereign. But the ridiculously prohibitory custom duties are the bane of the island, and the intending tourist must beware of them. Nothing new can be landed, and the dues on tea and wine are excessive. Tobacco is a Government monopoly, only to be procured at the Regie. In consequence of all this, the shops are execrable, and there is nothing to buy but olive-wine walking-sticks and excellent oranges.

Any one wishing to winter in Corfu will find hotels and flats in the town, somewhat poorly furnished, bungalows in the country at five pounds a month, maids-of-all-work in Greek costume at ten shillings a week, and Italian men-servants. Lamb, mullet, eggs, turkeys, and vegetables are twenty-five per cent. less than in England. Beef, chiefly from Russia, is sixpence a pound; tea and sugar fearfully dear, and milk scarce and bad. The market is dirty, but good; and with reference to the shopkeepers, St. Paul's remark that the Jew is no better than the Greek, for "both are vile," may truly apply. But the price of edibles is fixed by law, and the police bound to check it.

There is plenty of polyglot hospitable society in Corfu and the neighbourhood. The opera is open every night at ridiculously low prices, and there prevails a quaint custom of pelt-ing favourite stars with sweets! There is an English church, but no permanent chaplain, as the proffered stipend is only 60*l.* a year.

Across the water, in Albania, there is sport enough to satisfy the most bloodthirsty Englishman, but a permit to shoot from the Turkish authorities is essential, and rather troublesome to obtain. English-built yachts can be hired inexpensively from the British Vice-Consul, and charming expeditions made along the coast.

The Island of Corfu is a vast garden. The roads made by the Venetians, and improved by the English, are excellent. The short, green grass under the gnarled old olives, planted hundreds of years ago by the Venetians, and still yielding sufficient produce of oil to freight the steamers always waiting in the Roads, forms pleasant walking. But there is no sport.

The autumn in the island is fine and warm, January and February changeable and wet, the temperature varying as much as forty degrees. But with the precaution of dressing warmly, as at home, the English tourist need not fear Mediterranean fever. The spring is delicious, the summer too hot.

The King now but seldom visits his palace outside the town, with gardens sloping to the sea, and still less the Royal Palace, where the Lion of St. Mark in the hall forms a curious memento of the Venetian occupation. But the Empress of Austria, who is devoted to Corfu, is building a beautiful villa at Gastouri, and some of the Austrian nobility have purchased sites near.

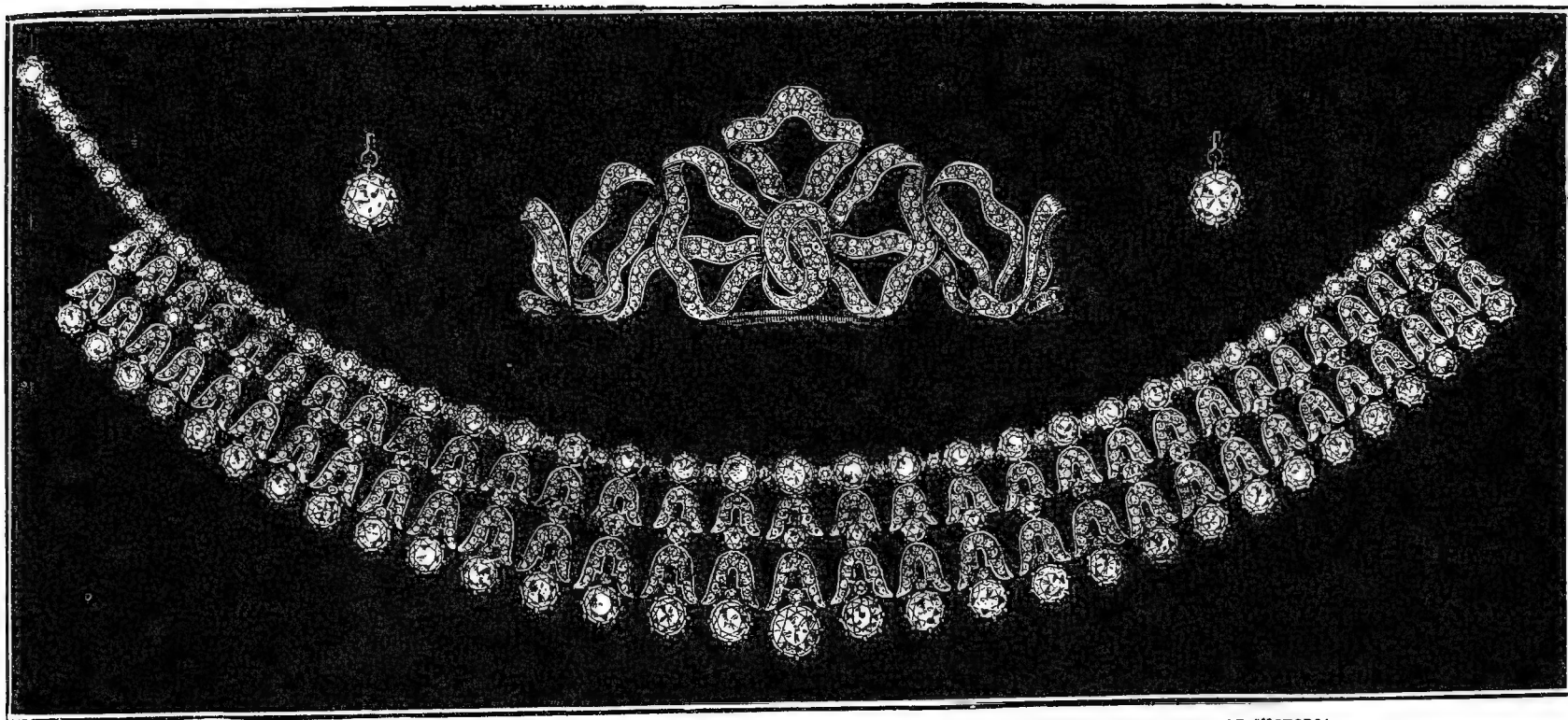
E. E. C.

PASTIMES

Parasite and Romance each won a couple of races at the postponed Haydock Park Meeting last week, where we may note that Mr. W. C. Baldwin, the veteran lion-hunter, who is nearing the Psalmist's span, rode his mare Baroness to victory in the Wakefield Hunters' Steeplechase Plate.—There has been some substantial betting on the Derby, for which the Duke of Portland's candidate, St. Staff, was well supported at 22 to 1.—The Croydon Corporation has extended the expiring licence of the race-course up to the end of this year.

One of the last ceremonies in which Lord and Lady Loch took part previous to their retirement from Melbourne was the presentation on the 13th of November to her ladyship of a magnificent set of diamonds subscribed for by the ladies of Victoria. 1,600*l.* was raised, and after some discussion it was decided to purchase the gems in Paris. Accordingly Lady Lytton, Lady Loch's sister, was asked to undertake the purchase, and the result, as we think our readers will agree, reflects great credit upon her ladyship's taste and judgment. The ornaments consist of a tiara of three bows, of a necklace similar to one worn by the ill-fated Marie Antoinette, and now in the possession

The management of the VAUDEVILLE have once more taken in hand *The School for Scandal*, though less from deliberate choice than because they are ready with nothing more novel. Mr. Thorne is unhappily ill, and compelled to seek the favouring influences of other climes, and Mr. Buchanan, who has yet to put the finishing touches to *Clarissa*, is in the same unfortunate plight. Under these circumstances it would be a churlish thing to examine too closely the characteristics of a revival which, on the whole, is creditable to the readiness of the company. Miss Winifred Emery is not an imposing Lady Teazle; her gaiety seems rather watchful to sustain itself than spontaneous and irresistible, and her behaviour after the fall of the screen misses something of the fine opportunity for revealing a certain strength of character that underlies the outward frivolity of the country squire's daughter turned lady of fashion. But she is a very pleasing Lady Teazle, and that is a good deal. Mr. Thalberg, the new and promising recruit of the company, made no very favourable impression in the character of Charles Surface, which he handled in rather a timid and irresolute fashion. Mr. Cyril Maude's Joseph Surface, on the other hand, portrayed the soft insinuating hypocrisy of the character with excellent art. As Sir Peter, Mr. Maclean is not great, but he is what managers call safe. It is a performance full of force and spirit, displaying sound judgment of stage effect. Of the rest of the cast it will be sufficient to mention Mr. Gilmore, who played Sir Benjamin Backbite with a little too much of the simper of the Macaroni of the period; and Mr. Blythe, whose hearty, honest portrait of Sir Oliver would have



DIAMOND TIARA, NECKLACE, AND EAR-RINGS PRESENTED TO HER EXCELLENCY LADY LOCH BY THE LADIES OF VICTORIA

CRICKET.—Some 4,000*l.* is needed to save the Leyton Cricket Ground from being lost to the Essex County Cricket Club, and given over to the speculative builder. Of this, about 2,500*l.* has been subscribed, one of the most gratifying donations being that of Mr. A. J. Spalding, manager of the American baseball team which visited us last year.—Mike Flanagan, the well-known Lord's professional, died on Tuesday at the early age of forty-seven.

Our engravings are from photographs—the arrival in Cape Town from one taken by Fripp, Cape Town, and sent by Mr. Dennis Edwards; that of the bracelet from an unnamed photograph, kindly sent to us by Lady Lytton.

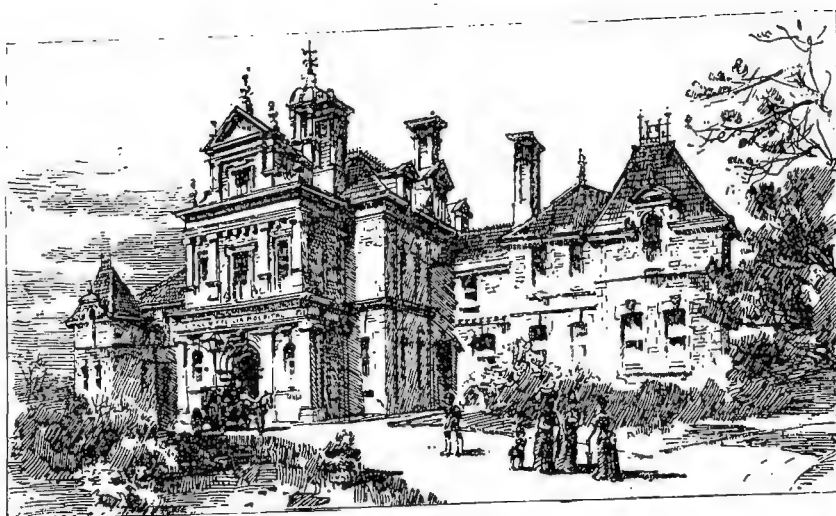
THEATRES

THE specimens of Mr. Burnand's skit on *La Tosca* which found their way into print had prepared the spectators at the ROYALTY last week for a rich feast of fun. Their expectations were disappointed partly because Mr. Arthur Roberts, though he had taken much pains to make himself up as a caricature of Mr. Forbes Robertson as the Baron Scarpia, either did not know, or disdained to speak, the lines set down for him; but also for the deeper reason that the spirit of burlesque humour was almost wholly wanting to the performance. The old form of travesty which Mr. Burnand has reintroduced is a genuine and legitimate source of mirth. It has been justly observed that it has moreover its uses, since the tendency of the travesty writer to look for the occasions on which the serious and sentimental vein approaches too near to the confines of the ludicrous affords a useful check upon false and insincere work. However this may be, there is no doubt that a good travesty is capable of affording much honest entertainment, and may even "number good intellects," but then it must be acted as well as written. Unfortunately, in these matters, we are still under the influence of the old form of senseless burlesque. Young ladies must still be invited to display their attractions in male attire, and low comedians will indulge in what Hamlet, in the suppressed portion of the advice to the players, calls their "cinquapase of jests." Thus it is that the spirit and purpose of the author are dissipated and lost. Mr. Arthur Roberts has, since the disastrous first night, been induced to surrender his charter of libertinage, to play less havoc with rhyme and metre, and to subdue the pointless vulgarities and irritating irrelevancies of his original performance. So far the performance has necessarily gained. *Tra-la-la Tosca* is a genuinely diverting skit. It would be worth seeing if there were nothing more than Miss Margaret Ayrton's really wonderful burlesque

TWENTY-FOUR THOUSAND STRAY DOGS were seized in the London streets by the police last year.



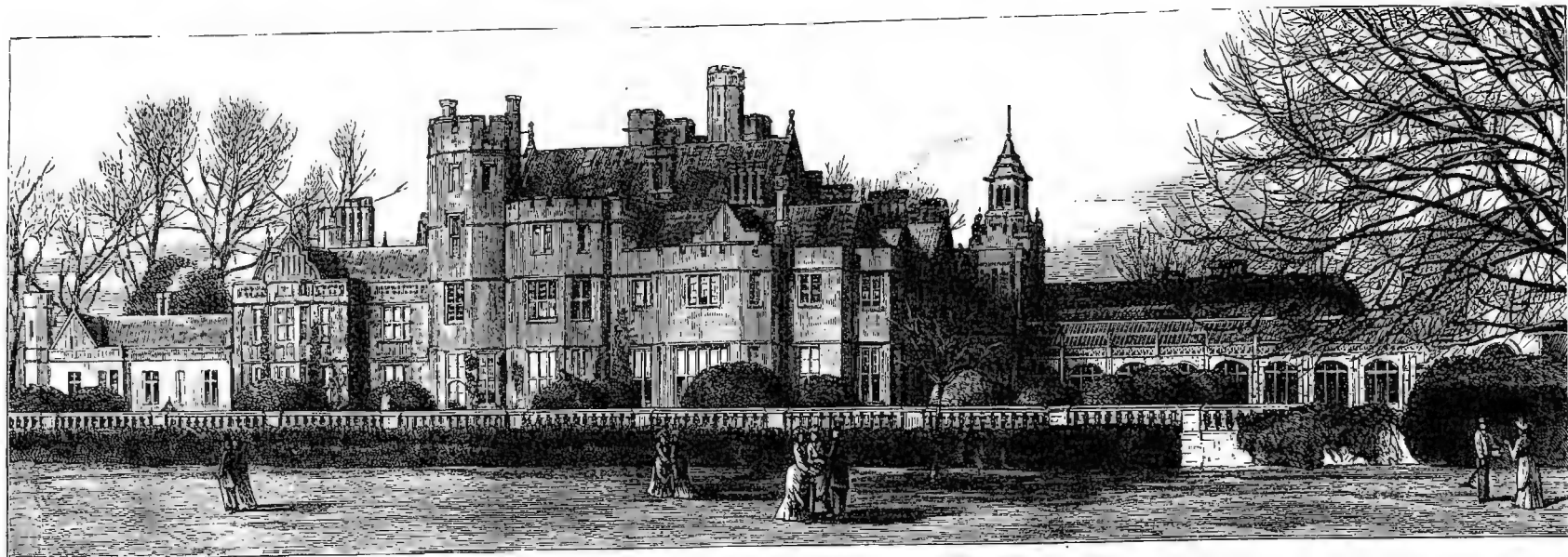
LADY WIMBORNE



THE VICTORIA HOSPITAL
Inspected by the Prince of Wales during his recent visit to Bournemouth



LORD WIMBORNE



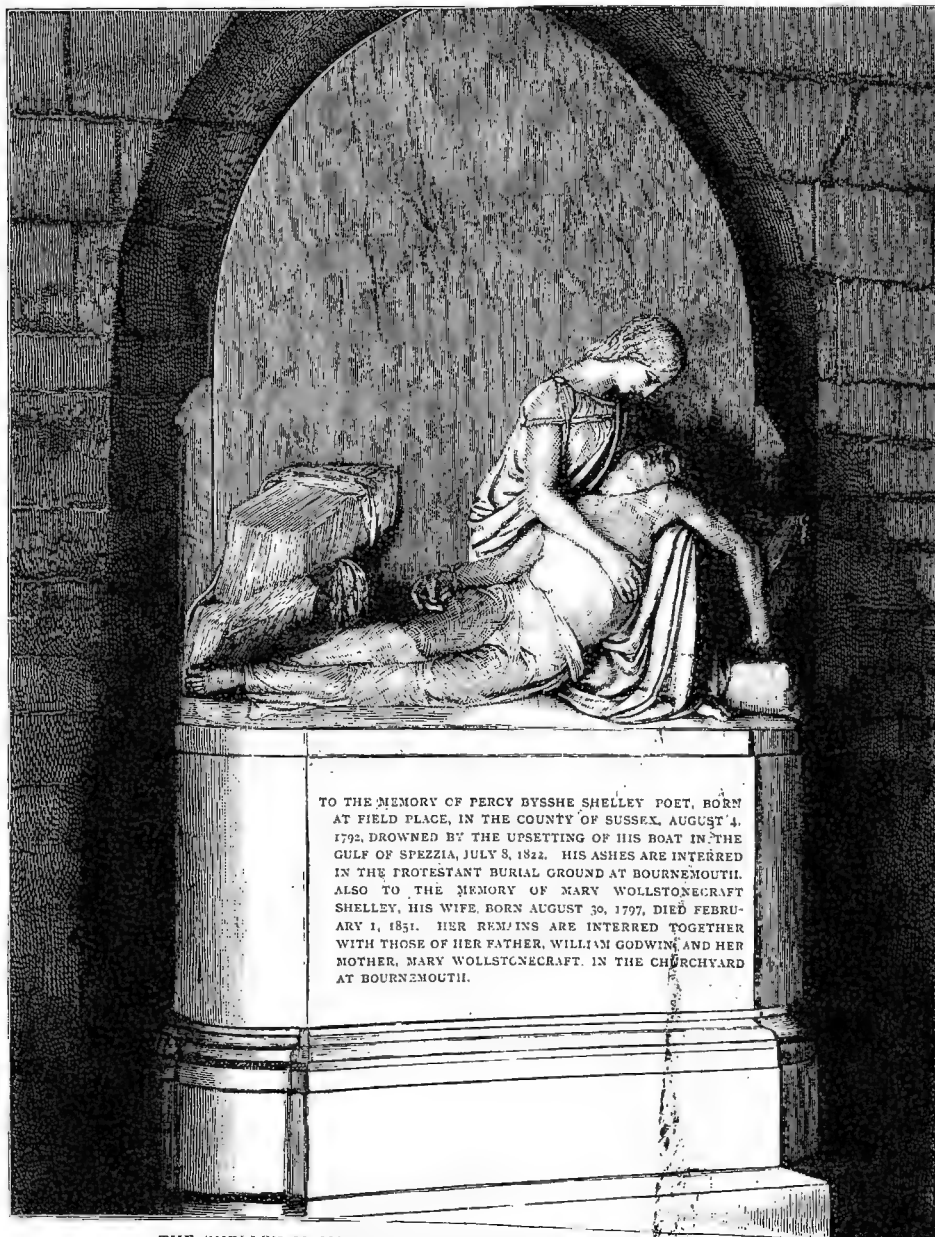
CANFORD MANOR, THE RESIDENCE OF LORD WIMBORNE
Where the Prince of Wales is at present staying

THE PRINCE OF WALES AT BOURNEMOUTH

As the Prince of Wales has paid a visit this week to Bournemouth for the purpose of inspecting the Victoria Hospital (of which more below) our readers will be pleased to see some views and a brief description of this favourite watering-place. Much less than a century ago the secluded valley of the Bourne was almost uninhabited, and, save for a few smugglers' huts, the whole district from Christchurch to Poole was practically an unpeopled waste. But a gentleman named Tregonwell, who owned a large tract of this barren heath, having found on the verge of the waste a sheltered valley of unique beauty, determined to erect a summer residence there, and by degrees the healthfulness conferred by the pine-woods which grew so luxuriantly in the sandy soil became bruited abroad. In this manner the foundation of the future prosperity of Bournemouth was firmly laid, and, in 1836, extensive building operations were begun by Sir George Gervis. Since that date the town has grown rapidly, and its reputation, as a very charming and healthy seaside resort, has spread all over the civilised world.

No feature of Bournemouth strikes the new comer more favourably than the Pleasure Gardens, which pass through the centre of the town, on either side of the Valley of the Bourne. They are quite different from the ordinary town parks, which are found in most similar localities. Not only is the natural beauty of the situation very great, but here are to be found throughout the year, besides the evergreen shrubs and the stately conifers, flowers in abundance. The rhododendrons are especially among the finest to be seen anywhere. This is largely due to the sheltered situation of the gardens, and the famous pine-shaded avenue, known as the Invalids' Walk, offers at all seasons of the year a most attractive promenade and resting-place. In the summer the seats, well protected from the rays of the sun, are occupied by numerous visitors, while in the winter, invalids, instead of being confined to their rooms, fearlessly stroll along the dry carpet formed by the fallen pine-needles.

Most of the larger houses of Bournemouth are situated on the East Cliff,



THE SHELLEY MEMORIAL AT CHRISTCHURCH, NEAR BOURNEMOUTH

from which one of our views is taken. The dwellings in this quarter are effectually sheltered from the east wind by the pine-trees with which it is covered. Among the natural beauties of Bournemouth must be reckoned the Chines, especially those of Branksome and Boscombe, which are situated on either side of the town proper. All Saints' Church, situated in the beautiful Branksome Park, has most attractive surroundings, and at the lower end of its churchyard begins the lovely ravine studded with small mirror-like lakes which extends down to the sea-shore. Concerning Boscombe Chine similar epithets may be used, only that it is more completely hemmed in by human habitations.

The Royal Victoria Hospital is designed in the Queen Anne style, and is intended eventually to accommodate fifty patients. It contains a spacious hall and vestibule, an operating theatre, medical and surgical wards for men and women respectively, and all the accessory accommodation of such establishments. The plans were designed and executed by Messrs. Creeke and Gifford; the contract for the building being entrusted to Messrs. George and Harding.

Canford House, the seat of Lord Wimborne, where the Prince of Wales stayed during his visit, is two miles south of the town of Wimborne. Most of the house is modern, and is built in the Tudor style, on the site of an old convent. The kitchen of John of Gaunt, with its primitive cooking utensils, still remains. Here, too, is the Nineveh Court erected to receive the antiquities brought from the East by Sir H. Layard. Lord Wimborne (Sir Ivor-Bertie Guest) was raised to the Peerage in 1880. He was born in 1835, and in 1868 married Lady Cornelia Churchill (by whom he has a large family), eldest daughter of the sixth Duke of Marlborough.

In the noble Priory Church at Christchurch (five miles from Bournemouth), a handsome monument was erected in 1854 to the memory of the poet Shelley and his wife, the daughter of Godwin. The work was erected in marble by Mr. Weekes, A.R.A., and some lines engraved beneath from Shelley's poem "Adonais."—Our portraits are from photographs:—Lady Wimborne, by W. and D. Downey, 37 and 61, Ebury Street Piccadilly; Lord Wimborne, by Mackintosh and Co., Kelso.

THE VISIT OF THE PRINCE OF WALES TO BOURNEMOUTH

OUT-OF-DOOR PESTS

It seems a strange thing that in the year of grace 1889 the worthy British farmer and his country neighbours should have been subject to a series of most irritating outbreaks of wild life. In some places the rats and mice, in others the rooks, in many the sparrows, and in a few the larks and other song-birds have multiplied, till they have become plagues. As is but natural in these days, the evil is met by association. In moving about the country one is agreeably surprised by discovering combinations, which in the hands, say, of Dickens would have lent themselves to a considerable amount of good-humoured satire.

There are for instance many societies for the suppression of the sparrow, one at least for controlling the number of rooks and wood-pigeons, and soon there will be one to "sit upon" the common rat. Disinterested lovers of the country whose money is not in corn or land, and who regard the various societies as so many amusing phenomena, nevertheless take a certain amount of pleasure in tracing these plagues to their origin—not that they regard them as plagues, quite the contrary; but one is apt to adopt the vocabulary of the moment. Why should 1889 in particular have been a time of crisis in the history of rats, or of deluge in wild life generally? That is answered easily enough.

Last spring was an ideal one for the inhabitant of field and spinney. It was a little late, but not so much as to throw forward the breeding season, and then the soft mild days of May, the brilliant sweetness of June! Domestic care was a pleasure to mothers, who sat all day under a veil of light green, which broke and cooled the sun's rays as they fell on it, and as soon as the infant creatures could come out to bask in the firelight of Heaven, there was not a cold blast to make them shiver, but unlimited food and happiness. So there was an entire absence of what corresponds in their life to human measles, whooping-cough, and scarlet fever, and the families were easily reared.

To a degree the year resembled the mild 1876-7, which was followed by a plague of field-mice on the Scotch Border farms, these tiny creatures threatening to clear away the farm produce, even as the locusts of old devastated Egypt. But this does not fully account for the pests. Every mild year is not followed by the same kind of thing.

In explaining the phenomena, one thing to be kept in mind is that certain wild creatures have a constant tendency to multiply up to the extreme limits of toleration. The farmer, with one eye on his crops and the other on the naturalists and sentimentalists, who tell him that every wild thing has its use, lets the bird or beast alone as long as he can. Killing them is not a job he cares for. And it was so from time immemorial. In the time of "Gentle King Jamie," the Scots Parliament had to pass an Act compelling the farmer under penalties to slay the "ruikes biggand in kirk-yards," for "that he dois great skaith upon cornes," and our own Henry VIII., in 1532, had long before that put his seal to a similar enactment because the choughs, crows, and rooks did "yearly devour and consume a wonderful and marvellous great quantity of corn and grain of all kinds." Therefore every parish was to provide "one net commonly called a net to take choughs, crows, and rooks." Later on in the eighteenth century the rooks of East Lothian—the county in which rats are now playing havoc—had multiplied so enormously that the farmers combined to offer rewards for their slaughter to such purpose that in the year 1775 no fewer than 76,655 rooks were killed at an expense of 142*l.* 14*s.* 7*d.* The association for the same purpose in North Northumberland

during last year has caused the death of about 11,000. It would appear, therefore, that the rook is a variable factor in rural life. Why it is prospering so much just now (and accounts from east, west, north, and south tell the same tale about it) is, of course, mainly because since the gun-licensing Acts were passed there are a few village sportsmen to attack the rookeries in spring. To a small extent the same observation applies to the impudent and destructive house-sparrow, which at one time the village muzzle-loaders kept well in check.

But it does not account for the rats and mice—the former of which is the most destructive of all out-door pests, equally inimical to the interests of the farmer and the game-preserver. There is hardly any limit to a healthy rat's capacity for mischief. If he knows his food to be valuable, he seems to enjoy it with additional relish. Very likely, as he sits among the nettles wiping his whiskers, he chuckles at the expression on the keeper's face when that worthy comes upon a pheasant's or partridge's nest which he has ravaged. Those eggs were supremely better than those which he stole from the water-hen or the blackbird. In the field and barn-yard he has unlimited opportunities for doing evil, of which he is diligent to avail himself. He works down the potato-drills and steals the roots, he gnaws the carrots and turnips ready for rotting when the first frost comes, in a stackyard he lives a life of revelry, during which the multiplication of him proceeds as fast as an innkeeper's bill in the Highlands. Even his methods of taking exercise tend invariably to the damage of somebody. He keeps his teeth in order by selecting the most valuable woodwork on which to sharpen them, and wherever he can spoil a weir or a sluice he begins to mine. Nor will any of the ingenious contrivances which ward off the rabbit foil his infernal skill. In addition to all this energy, he is the "downiest," cleverest little "varmint" imaginable, so that even when you do get a chance of knocking him on the head it is done with a kind of admiration like that Burns had for Milton's Satan. For a long while proprietors on both sides of the Border have complained bitterly that rats and mice have so greatly increased in field and hedgerow as to be a serious impediment to the rearing of game. In East Lothian, as is well known, the pest has assumed very serious proportions indeed.

It is when we come to consider what the other pests are that we get to understand in some measure the cause of all this. Very kindly people who ever and anon raise a protest because in places like Oxfordshire a price is paid for killing sparrows, and because in Lanarkshire the farmers murder that universal favourite the skylark, forget that men are only remedying a lopsidedness, which they themselves have produced, in Nature. Formerly the slaughtering of small birds was done by the winged carnivora. Take the barn-owl as an example. While it has young, on an average it will bring a mouse to the nest every fifteen minutes during the course of the night. In a loft or granary it beats the domestic cat hollow for getting rid of rats. And how have we repaid it for services like these? With so much ingratitude that in many parts of the country it is extinct, and is rapidly disappearing from others. It is shot to be stuffed, it is shot because the stupider gamekeepers imagine it steals eggs and kills young pheasants and partridges. Yet it is well known that when the plague of field-mice visited the Borders, and vexed the hearts of the shepherds by nibbling the roots of the pasture, all human efforts to get rid of them were baffled, till a crowd of owls, taking pity on "the poor plumeless ephemerals," came and destroyed the little pests. Nevertheless, the

gamekeeper wages unrelenting war on all the birds of prey. Practically he has rid the country of the osprey and the golden eagle, of the hen-harrier, and of many of the *falconidae*. Even those birds which are the petty thieves of the woodlands, and which forswear highway robbery, and confine themselves to the pilfering of eggs, he removes as assiduously as a Scotchman drinks whiskey. Only on very neglected estates is the magpie's black and white jacket now to be seen, while the harsh cry of the jay becomes rarer daily.

Now, on the maxim that everything is best in moderation, I, for one, as a lover of country life, would like to see measures taken to have again in England every species which has once inhabited it. No one desires to see birds of prey so numerous as to have a serious effect on game-preserving or poultry-rearing, but if they keep small birds, rats, and mice down to proper limits, surely, without a grudge or a grumble, we may allow them an occasional head of game—especially as they improve the breed by killing off the weakest—or even, as an occasional luxury, a fat fowl from the barnyard. Already the animals have nearly been cleared out. The badger, the polecat, and the marten have become rare indeed, the stoat is likely to follow them, and the otter, if he did not share a little of the protection thrown over the fox, would likewise go; but that is no reason why the kite, the kestrel, the sparrowhawk, and the owls should likewise be exterminated.

P. A. G.

PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR'S ROYAL ORIGIN was much disputed by the Burmese Phooingyees during his recent visit to Mandalay. As, however, the two last days of his stay were dark and gloomy, they concluded that he was a true scion of Royalty for even the sun was paying him homage, and veiling his face in the presence of a Prince.

MR. STANLEY AND HIS EUROPEAN COMPANIONS arrived at Suez on Monday, being welcomed with great enthusiasm. They went on next day to Cairo for a week's stay, and dined with the Khédive the same evening. On Monday they will be entertained officially by the Egyptian Government. The whole party are very well, Dr. Parke being quite convalescent, though he had to be carried on board when leaving Mombassa.

THE BEGGARS' KITCHENS OF PARIS have been visited recently by a Municipal Councillor in disguise, with the view of studying the homes of professional mendicants. He found the kitchens well managed, and kept under the strict rule of "no pay, no lodging." One establishment, "Hope Cellars," takes in lodgers until 2 A.M., allowing them to sleep on tables for 1*d.* From 2 A.M. to 4 A.M. the beggars all go out to hunt about the markets and pick up refuse or a few sous for an odd job. At 4 A.M. they return, and enjoy a fresh nap on the table for a second penny. Another house—the Cellar Montorgueil—contains a regular beggars' society varying from 120 to 150 members, under an elected leader. Every Wednesday they divide the spoils of the week, the chief retaining an extra share for his management. "Father Spectacles" *café* is a very artistic rendezvous, frequented by singers and itinerant musicians of every description, who keep a regular address-book of the most profitable "beats," the houses where the inhabitants love street-music, and the most generous people. The "Red Castle" is the worst of all, containing the most dangerous characters of Paris, who are generally known and "wanted" by the police.

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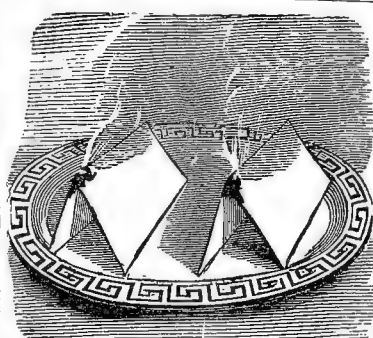
INSTRUCTIONS.—When attacked with Influenza or Feverish Cold, lie in bed for three or four days in a warm room, well ventilated, by having a good fire. Take Eno's Fruit Salt freely and Eno's Vegetable Mote as occasion may require. After a few days the marked symptoms will pass away.

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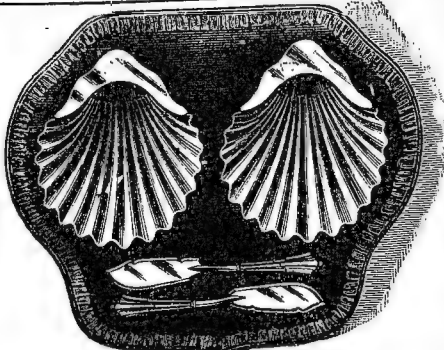
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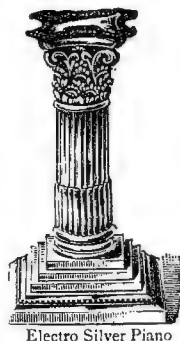
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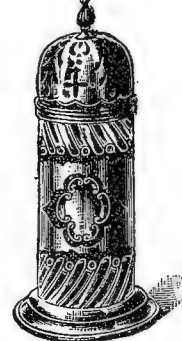
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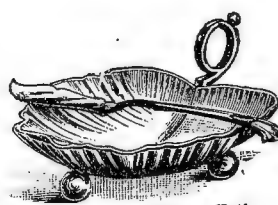
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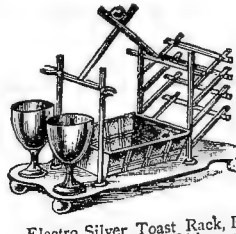
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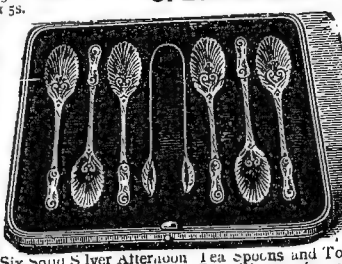
Regd. Scalloped Sugar Basin, Solid Silver, £5 3s. Best Electro, £4 5s.



Butter Knife, with Ivory Handle. In Best Morocco Case, Sterling Silver, 14s. Electro Silver ditto, Engraved Blade, 8s.



Reposé Chased Silver Hair Brush, £2 10s. Hand Mirror to match, £4 4s. Velvet & Cloth Brushes to match, each £1 5s.



Six Solid Silver Afternoon Tea spoons and Tongs, Best Morocco Case, £2 15s. Best Electro, £1 11s. 6d.



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M. ALPHONSE DAUDET's "Jack" (George Routledge and Sons) makes a handsome volume in its English dress, with the clever illustrations by Myrbach. These delicate "process" blocks certainly lose much by their English printing; many of them are so blotchy and indistinct that it is difficult at first to find out what the picture is intended to represent. In careful manipulation of the printing-press it cannot be denied that the French, as well as the Germans, are ahead of us. As to the book itself we need say but little, for it has been read before this by all who are interested in M. Daudet and his work. It is not one of his great books, and it has too obviously the air of being written for a *feuilleton*. But it is a clever and gloomy tale, with careful analyses of all kinds of weak and despicable characters. Ida de Barancy, Jack's mother, stands by herself as a type of woman who has been nowhere else so searchingly studied.

"Scenes from a Silent World" (William Blackwood and Sons) is an impressive and extremely interesting book. It carries on the title-page the name Francis Scougal, but internal evidence shows pretty plainly that the work is from a woman's hand. It is a series of pictures of prison life—pathetic, grim, and comic—all drawn with remarkable sincerity and insight. The writer is a prison visitor, and within these pages are compressed the experiences of several years' work. The writer's object is mainly to tell the outside world what manner of men and women they are who find their way into prison, and secondly she has to urge the extension of the prison-visiting system by outsiders, who receive no pay for the work. The subject of capital punishment is treated in a chapter by itself, and it will be difficult for the upholders of the extreme penalty to meet the many powerful arguments here brought against it. In pure human interest the book surpasses most novels. Tragedy of the gloomiest, and pathos of the most moving, enwrap the reader from first to last; but in the deepest depths there is hope, for one sees how by loving human sympathy the most abandoned can be reached and sustained. A better book of its kind we have not seen for a long time, and one of its chief merits is its entire freedom from sentimentality.

Henrik Ibsen's newest play, "The Lady from the Sea," has just been excellently translated by Mrs. Marx-Aveling. It is issued as one of the "Cameo" Series (T. Fisher Unwin) in alluring antique binding with rough paper, altogether a pretty volume. A good portrait of Ibsen himself appears as the frontispiece, and here the great mass of the English people will be able for the first time to acquaint themselves with the personal appearance of the Norwegian writer whose works create division and strife wherever they are read. The play itself is the last of the series of modern social dramas by some four or five only of which Ibsen at present known to the English reading public. To tell the story in a short notice is out of the question. We may say, however, that the main problem concerns itself, as in "The Doll's House," with the question of marriage. The play is intensely characteristic of Ibsen, and many of the situations are of a nature to shock, almost to disgust, the more timid creatures of conventionality. But it is essentially healthy, and, unlike some of the other dramas of the series, it ends happily.

Readers of the *Daily News* know well "the natural history

leaders." Within the last two years or so they have become as much a "feature" of the paper as Mr. Lang's frolicsome literary and folk-lore articles. It is true that the hurried reader trying hastily at breakfast, or in train and omnibus, to make himself master of the day's news, is apt to be bored when his roving eye falls on these descriptions of field-mice, hedges, morning skies, chaffinches, bees, and March winds, all written in the monotonous historic present. But newspapers exist for others besides the hurried inhabitants of cities, and in the country, or indeed wherever men enjoy nature, Mr. F. A. Knight's articles are sure of a kindly audience. He writes the kind of thing which poor Richard Jeffreys was the first to popularise; but Mr. Knight is much more than Jeffreys and water. He knows nature, and loves her, and in his melodious style he describes her moods and appearances with ease and grace. "Idylls of the Field" (Elliot Stock) is the title of the present volume, which contains some twenty-five pieces. Some pretty illustrations by E. T. Compton are well reproduced.

Those who wish to gain knowledge concerning the views of the extreme section of land law reformers cannot do better than consult "The Land and the Community," by the Rev. S. W. Thackeray (Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.). Here are set forth in the fullest and clearest manner possible the theories concerning land tenure and land taxation which have been made popular by Mr. Henry George. The book, however, is much easier to understand than Mr. Henry George's "Progress and Poverty," on which it is avowedly based. Mr. Thackeray takes his readers but a very little way along the abstruse paths of political economy, but contents himself with stating general principles and axioms such as appeal to the plain man. His argument is developed with remarkable conciseness and lucidity, and his chapters on the vexed subject of compensation to landholders (Mr. Thackeray objects to the word "landowner") are written with boldness and vigour. Mr. Henry George himself contributes a preface. Whatever view may be taken of the Land Restoration League and its aims, it is an advantage to have those aims so honestly set forth as they are in this book.

"The Log of the Nereid," by Thomas Gibson Bowles (Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.), is a capital yachting book, which will delight all who care for the sea. There is so much variety in sea life that it is always possible for a man who knows it to write a new book about sailing, even though hundreds of others have been before him. Mr. Bowles bought an 80-ton schooner, and in her he sailed with his family of four children to Gibraltar, Malta, and Alexandria; then along the Syrian coast (where the ship was within an ace of being lost in a hurricane), and back to Malta, whence he returned in a P. and O. It will be seen that no new ground was traversed, yet the incidents of the cruise are told with such freshness and spirit that the book is as interesting as if it dealt with new waters. Weenie, the youngest child, is an engaging little creature, with whom the readers will soon fall in love. Her pranks and sayings are related with infinite delight by her doting father. Mr. Lockhart Bogle has illustrated the book with some clever drawings.

Mr. Swinburne's critical writings are always full of pleasure and interest, even when we least agree with his opinions. To the beauty and vigour of his prose style he adds a profound knowledge of literature; and even when his judgment appears capricious there is much to be learned from them. "A Study of Ben Jonson" (Chatto and Windus) is an admirably complete survey of the life and work of the great Elizabethan, whom Mr. Swinburne ranks not among "the gods of harmony and creation," but as supreme among "the giants of energy and invention." "No giant ever came so near to the ranks of the gods; were it possible for one, not born a god, to become divine by dint of ambition and devotion, this glory would have crowned the Titanic labours of Ben Jonson." Mr.

Swinburne dwells upon the lack of music in Ben Jonson's verse, the absence of the singing power: "Ben, as a rule—a rule which is proved by the exception—was one of the singers who could not sing; though, like Dryden, he could intone most admirably; which is more—and much more—than can truthfully be said for Byron." As a translator, Mr. Swinburne declares that Jonson was distinguished by "incomparable incompetence." But he does ample justice in other passages to the superb mental qualities which made Jonson a fit companion for Shakespeare and Bacon.

In a massive volume of 700 pages, are published by C. F. Roworth, Great New Street, the "Reports of Artisans selected by the Mansion House Committee to visit the Paris Universal Exhibition, 1889." Every form of handicraft, and every industry, seems to find a place in the volume, and the reports, which are printed with as little editing as may be, afford material for a comparison between French and English methods of work, wages, and hours of labour.

"Rambles in Book-Land," by W. Davenport Adams (Elliot Stock), is a little book in which readers of diverse tastes may find ample amusement. It is a collection of papers on such subjects as "Pocket Books," "Bards and the Bottle," "The Stage Handkerchief," and so on. It is all pleasant reading, though some of the stories and verses quoted lack the charm of novelty. Mr. Davenport Adams has made many books in his day and this, like several of its predecessors, will while away an idle hour very agreeably.

"Stray-Leaves of Literature," by F. Saunders (Elliot Stock) is a good example of the same class as the last; not quite so flimsy, but with a fatal tendency towards the commonplace. Mr. Saunders has nothing to say that has not been said before hundreds of times. The book is a hotch-potch of scraps on all kinds of literary subjects. The best that can be said for it is that it shows some little research, and that it is not badly written.

Mr. A. Egmont Hake, already known as a writer of a life of General Gordon, and as the author of some short stories, now comes before the public as a saviour of society. Mr. Hake established the "Free Trade in Capital League," and at a public meeting in the Prince's Hall expounded the objects of this body. It is as chairman of the new League that Mr. Hake, assisted by Mr. O. E. Wesslau, now issues a thick volume of 500 pages to show how society may be saved. Briefly, Mr. Hake thinks that all the present ills of society will be removed when we have free trade in banking, or in other words, free trade in capital. The Bank Act of 1844 has been, he declares, the root of all society's diseases. Where others cry "Free land," "Free trade," "Free education," Mr. Hake cries "Free banking." He shows elaborately that there is nothing to be hoped from Socialism, and he deprecates the present neglect of the science of political economy. "What is required in order to arrive at prosperity" (this is the main principle of the book) "is a good banking system, or banks in as many places as possible, and that these banks should be so organised as to give the greatest possible facilities to all exchanges tending to produce wealth." To prove his main principle, Mr. Hake and his fellow-author devote themselves to a survey of the economic conditions of modern society, and suddenly dart off to Egypt with the view of showing that that country could at once be made the scene of an experiment in free banking, which would immediately revive its prosperity. It was Sir Robert Peel's mistake in restricting note-issuing by the Bank Act of 1844 which has brought all its subsequent economic troubles upon England, divorcing capital from labour, destroying profits, and promoting poverty. Mr. Hake is very much in earnest, and those who want to acquaint themselves more fully with his views must study for themselves the arguments in "Free Trade in Capital" (Remington and Co.).

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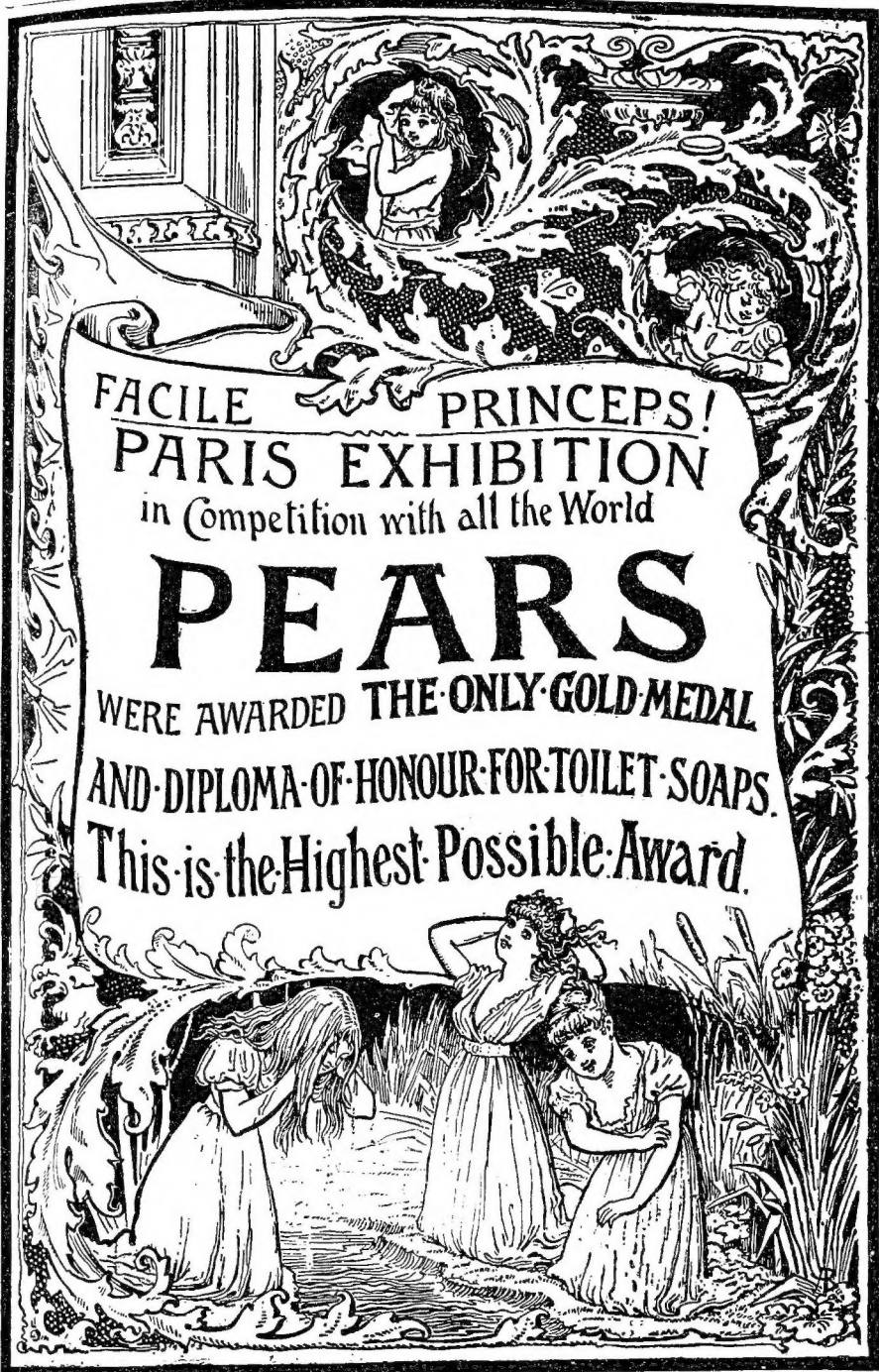


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NOTHING adds so much to personal attractions as a bright, clear complexion, and a soft skin. Without them the handsomest and most regular features are but coldly impressive, whilst with them the plainest become attractive; and yet there is no advantage so easily secured. The regular use of a properly prepared Soap is one of the chief means; but the Public have not the requisite knowledge of the manufacture of Soap to guide them to a proper selection, so a pretty box, a pretty colour, or an agreeable perfume too frequently outweighs the more important consideration, viz.: the Composition of the Soap itself, and thus many a good complexion is spoiled which would be enhanced by proper care.

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TO persons whose skin is delicate or sensitive to changes in the weather, winter or summer, PEAR'S TRANSPARENT SOAP is invaluable, as, on account of its emollient, non-irritant character, Redness, Roughness and Chopping are prevented, and a clear appearance and soft velvety condition maintained, and a good, healthful and attractive complexion ensured. Its agreeable and lasting perfume, beautiful appearance, and soothing properties, commend it as the greatest luxury and most elegant adjunct to the toilet.

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TUNA is the certain cure for Neuralgia, Toothache, Rheumatism and Gout. Call or write for proofs enough to convince anyone that this claim is genuine. All sufferers from Neuralgia, Face-ache, &c., are invited to call at Tuna Offices, Savoy House, 115 Strand, London, and obtain **RELIEF FREE OF ANY CHARGE** whatever, as thousands have done for the past ten years.

Chemists sell it at 13¹/₂d., 2/9 & 4/6, or sent post-free from Tuna Offices as above, on receipt of 15, 36, or 60 stamps.

HEALTH FOR ALL.
HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.
 THESE PILLS PURIFY THE BLOOD.
 Correct all Disorders of
 THE LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS, & BOWELS
 They are wonderfully Efficacious in Ailments
 incidental to Females of all ages; and as a
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 The most recommendable Toilet Powder for
 whitening and softening the skin, of
 exquisite Perfume and absolute adherence.
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 Of all High-Class Perfumers, Chemists, Druggists, etc.



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With New Registered Pannikin.

By their peculiar construction—the glass chimney conducting and concentrating heat to the bottom of the water vessel—they give a larger amount of light and heat than can be obtained in any other lamp of the same class. Without smoke or smell.

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By this invention any liquid food can be poured out or drunk without scum or grease passing through the spout, and prevents spilling when poured into a feeding bottle, so unavoidable with all other Pannikins. The Pannikins will fit all the old "Pyramid" Nursery Lamps, and can be purchased separately.

Clarke's "Pyramid" Night Lights and "Fairy Pyramid" Night Lights

Are the best in the world, and the only suitable ones for burning in the above, and for lighting passages, lobbies, &c. Sold everywhere.

Price of Lamps, 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., and 6s. each. If any difficulty in obtaining them, write to CLARKE'S "PYRAMID" AND "FAIRY" LIGHT COMPANY, LIMITED, Cricklewood, London, N.W., for nearest Agent's address.

BEAUTIFUL TATTING, made by POOR GENTLEWOMEN. Four yards for 18 stamps. Patterns sent. Also POINT LACE, Real Modern Spanish, Honiton, Irish Crochet, Embroidery, Edging, and Insertion. Initials and Monograms done. Crewel Work. Stockings knitted. Plain Sewing done. Fancy Work for Bazaars. Lace altered, mended, and cleaned. Orders earnestly solicited. Established 1869.—Address, Mrs. GREEN, 22, Delancey Street, Gloucester Gate, London, N.W.

FROM GALWAY TO GLENDALOUGH

As, driving out of the City of the Tribes, we crossed the bridge over the Corrib River, we remembered how, two years before, we had seen its bed here literally paved with shoals of salmon, waiting until a sufficiency of water should enable them to ascend into the lough above, which the Jubilee drought had so shrunken that the little steamer upon it had been obliged to stop running. This season such a state of things had been effectually precluded by the twenty consecutive wet days with which the month of August had favoured Connemara; and it was locally reported that "a terrible sight of fish had been tuk entirely." So, upon the whole, the cloud-coveting company of anglers could have had small excuse for begrudging the spell of bright, summer-like weather that began with September. Be this as it may, we had good reason to congratulate ourselves upon having secured almost the first of those brilliant days for our drive from Galway to Glendalough, a distance of considerably more than thirty miles; since a dripping umbrella, whether it be your own, which temporarily excludes the scenery, or your neighbour's, which perpetually threatens to do so permanently by poking out your eyes, is a singularly undesirable travelling companion upon an Irish car.

In his "Irish Sketch Book"—where, by the way, he scarcely does himself justice, ever and anon striking a false note as he rollicks or sentimentalises—Thackeray speaks of Galway as being approached through a "suburb of coots which seems endless." But that was nearly fifty years ago, and the end of it is now no longer far to seek, having indeed become a very salient feature of the place. For miles the road is bordered with rows upon rows of ruined cabins in various stages of decay, many of them proved to be long deserted by their mud walls worn down to a rim a foot or so high, which dense weed-growths overtop, clumps of nettles flourishing where the hearth glowed, and hemlock shooting up rankly upon the threshold. As for their late occupants, some have emigrated to "the States and Sthralia;" others have gone further, and, we must hope, have not fared worse, in famine and fever years.

Nor were these the only signs of migration visible as we drove towards our halting-place at Oughterard. Dilapidated entrances, grassy avenues, and jungle-like shrubberies were plentiful enough to corroborate our driver's "Sure, there's no quality now livin' along this road at all at all. They're all quit out of it; some av thim frightened, and some av thim ruined." One of the most forlorn-looking among these abandoned dwellings—a place remarkable for fine old timber—belonged, he told us, to a gentleman who believed the house to be haunted by the spirits of his dead children, and had therefore shut it up, and would allow nobody to "set fut" within the grounds; "not aven so much as to lift thim bits av sticks," he said, pointing to several huge fallen trunks which lay deeply imbedded in grass and weeds.

This driver of ours had, like John Gilpin and his friend the Calender, a pleasant and a ready wit, and evidently loved to regard things from a humorous point of view. Leaving behind us all traces of even departed inhabitants, we emerged upon an expanse of lone bog-land, in the middle of which stood a small iron police-hut, and three very large R.I.C.'s. "Sure, I suppose they're putt there," quoth our driver, "to purvint the next-door neighbours from quarrellin' among thimselves," indicating with a comprehensive wave of his whip the surrounding landscape, where, far and wide, no vestiges of human existence were discernible. A little further on we met the Clifden long-car, closely followed by a smaller vehicle carrying several somewhat rueful-countenanced passengers.

"Ye see, sir," said our driver, "thim folks on that car are afther gittin' police pertection;" and, sure enough, we observed that two stalwart constables were of the party. "Goin' to Galway Sessions," he added explanatorily, with a wink and a grin. These, together with a few dark-brown donkeys, almost hidden beneath their high-piled, toppling pyramids of chocolate-coloured turf, formed the bulk of the traffic that came under our notice before we reached Oughterard, fourteen Irish miles from Galway.

Oughterard, where the traveller must not consider himself to be in Connemara—a name applied, strictly speaking, only to the country lying west of a line joining the heads of Killery and Ballynahinch, beyond Glendalough, where they are multiplied, still further west, into an elaborate network of land and water, amid which it is easy to credit the statement that in Connemara one can never be more than three or four miles from some means of navigation, whether by river, lake, or inlet. It is occasionally difficult to distinguish at first sight between the two latter, so curiously intricate is the interlacing of sea with shore; we have seen cattle feeding on a grassy strand, strewn with shells, and bordered with rocks climbed over by mingling seaweed and honeysuckle. For the broad Ocean here does not merely "lean against the land," as he does at the doors of the much-enduring Dutch; rather, he grasps it in a hundred-handed grip, curving countless fingers far up the country, and giving to Western Galway, with its immense length of coast-line, and score of capacious harbours, a certain resemblance to the eastern sea-board of Greece. But then Grecian dry-land is most uncompromisingly dry, and therein contrasts strongly with the blending of "black bog and blue pool," which is often the closest approximation to that substance attainable in Connemara.

Among all this profusion of loughs, sufficient, could "distribution cure excess," to provide ample materials for a dozen "Lake Districts," few can be much finer than those which we passed during our afternoon's drive—Loughs Bofin, and Arderry, and Shindilla, and many more, some of them mirroring the thorn bushes on their little green islands, and each of them set in a landscape dominated by fold on fold of encircling mountains. To our right rose the sombre-hued Maam Turk range, marking the confines of the Joyce country, to our left, Slieve Moyna, and before us, Benbeola, otherwise known as the Twelve Pins, a magnificent group of peaks, whose height of two thousand feet gains additional impressiveness, because they sweep sheerly up from a level plain. One striking feature of these, as of most other Connemara mountains, is the peculiar glistening appearance presented by their bare rocky sides and summits. This may, perhaps, be accounted for by the fact that they are chiefly composed of quartzite highly polished by glacial action; but it is certain that, especially in sunshiny weather, they flash and glitter with a brilliancy which would not disgrace Plato's smooth and transparent hills, whereof "our cornelians, and jaspers, and emeralds, and the like, are merely fragments." Sometimes, it is true, these burnished crags wear a gloomy and lowering aspect, more suggestive of the "huge monstrous and desolate rocks and stones," which, according to another mystic, Jacob Boehme, "testify to the power of death and darkness." In the same category, too, he would, no doubt, have placed the thickly-scattered boulders, which often convert the lower slopes into miniature La Craus, and, even

when laboriously piled up by the tillers of the soil, encumber a large space in each struggling field. It should not be supposed, however, that these ranges yield stones only of this superfluous and unprofitable description. Some of them are rich in lead and copper ore, and highly-esteemed marbles and serpentine abound, besides valuable crystals and grit-stone; while to regard their products from a less rigidly utilitarian point of view, they comprise a vast variety of wild flowers, including white heath and the rose-pink bell-heather, which is peculiar to Cornwall and Connemara. Another fact about them should be borne in mind, namely, that they are not mountains to be trifled with, and to be scampered over promiscuously without any of the precautions which would certainly be taken if their lofty precipices and deceptive slopes happened to be situated among the Alps. The grave consequences of forgetting this have unfortunately been illustrated quite lately by the occurrence of more than one melancholy accident.

Benbeola, with its dozen sharp cones, had become a very prominent object, purple against an amber-lighted sunset, when we reached Glendalough, a lake which must be distinguished from its skylark-boy-cottled namesake in the County Wicklow, and which does not, indeed, at all resemble gentle Kathleen's gloomy grave, as its banks are neither steep nor savage, but softly rising and pleasantly wooded. On its eastern and western shores stand respectively Recess and Glendalough, neither of them large or important towns, the former consisting of a hotel and a post-office, and the latter of a hotel and no post-office, while a police hut stands impartially equidistant between them. In fact, it would be hard to find a more primitive and unhackneyed place within four-and-twenty-hours of London, and it might not be easy to pick out one which anybody who did not share Madame de Staël's detestation of the beauties of Nature would think better worth his day's journey. O. B.

NEWSVENDORS' BENEVOLENT AND PROVIDENT INSTITUTION. —Harry H. Marks, Esq., L.C.C., will preside at the Festival of this Society, to be held at the Hôtel Métropole, on Monday, February 17th.

AN ANTI-SLAVERY DRAMA will be played at a Brussels Theatre next week, to arouse the public against the iniquities of the human traffic, and induce them to support the Belgian Anti-Slavery Society. The members of the Anti-Slavery Conference are invited to the first performance of *L'Esclave*, which will illustrate the sufferings of the natives in the Upper Congo region.

TRUE AND FALSE CORUNNA VETERANS.—Major Shanks, R.M., of Weston-super-Mare, writes as follows:—"Having seen amongst the obituary notices in *The Graphic* of the 4th inst. an allusion to the death of John West, of Pontypool, who was said to have been in his hundredth year, and who claimed to have been the last survivor of those who fought at Corunna, I trust you will kindly permit me (in the interests of truth and justice) to state that I have in my possession the clearest possible proof that the John West mentioned above was born on December 27th, 1804, so that he was only eighty-five when he died—not in his hundredth year—and, such being the date of his birth, it is needless to add that he was not present at Corunna. Thomas Palmer, who formerly served in the 32nd Regiment, and who died at Weston-super-Mare in April, 1889, aged ninety-nine years and five months, was undeniably the very last of the Corunna veterans and of Sir John Moore's army. Of this also I have ample proof."

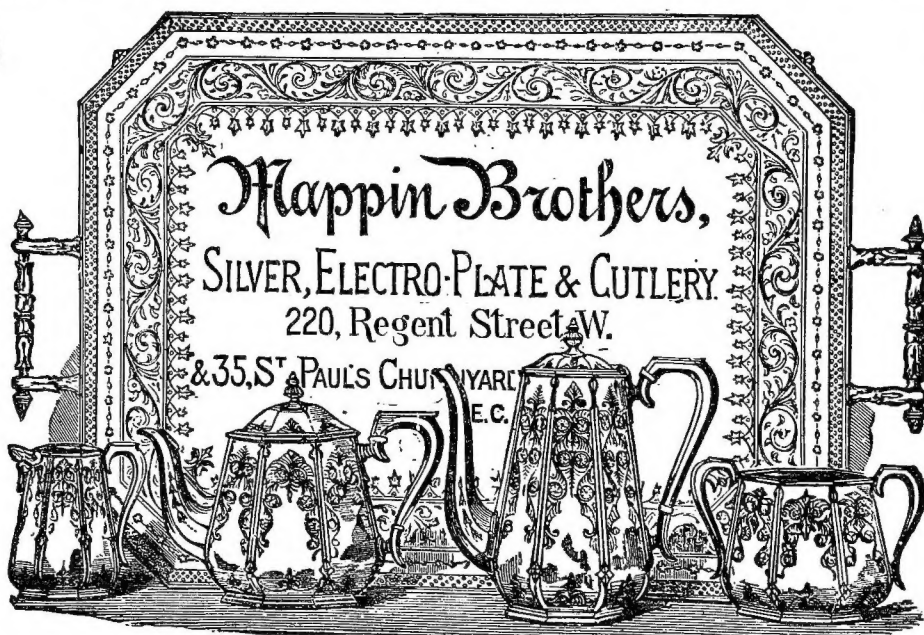
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OF SILVER, ELECTRO-PLATE, DRESSING BAGS, &c.,

At a REDUCTION of 33 per cent. to 50 per cent. from nett prices.

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SHOW ROOMS: 220, REGENT ST., W., AND 35, ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD.
MANUFACTORY: QUEEN'S WORKS, SHEFFIELD.

HEALTH NOTES

BY AN EXPERIENCED PHYSICIAN,

Showing how to Obtain and Maintain Health, Strength, and Vigour, and Exterminate Disease from the System by Simple and Natural Means, without taking Poisonous Drugs and Quack Medicines.

NERVOUSNESS IN MEN.

(Reprinted from "The Family Doctor.")

"It is extraordinary how many people—especially men—suffer nowadays, both in mind and body, from a multitude of ailments, which are simply the result of being overworked, and are still trying, to find some drug which will cure the distressing symptoms up to the present is to afford slight temporary relief in this direction of the disease. After finding that physics is practically useless for the relief of nervous sufferers, a London Physician says:— 'There is no doubt electricity is one of the most powerful nerve tonics we possess. No agent so quickly restores the depressed condition of the system resulting from illness. In all states of nervous depression, as from long mental strain or overtaxed bodily powers, general galvanism has proved a refreshing and most invigorating tonic.'

"The next point, therefore, to be considered is as to the best method of applying these galvanic currents to the system without shocks or discomfort, and for this purpose we cannot do better than strongly recommend all nervous sufferers to wear one of Harness' Electropathic Belts."

"They have stood the test of nearly 25 years, have restored thousands of sufferers to health and vigour, and are guaranteed to be perfectly genuine, and are constructed on sound scientific principles. The Medical Battery Company (Limited) are the sole Proprietors and Manufacturers of this now world-famed curative appliance, and should any of our readers still have the least doubt as to its efficacy, they are invited to call at the Company's Electropathic and Zander Institute, 52, Oxford-street, London, W., (at the corner of Rathbone-place), where they can see the Electropathic Belts scientifically tested, and can personally examine the thousands of unsolicited testimonials and Press reports that have been received from all parts of the world."

CAUTION TO DRUG TAKERS.

Before it is too late, let us advise our readers not to ruin their constitutions with quack medicines and poisonous drugs, which, although sometimes affording temporary relief in certain common ailments, do irreparable mischief to the entire system, and frequently sow the seeds of fatal diseases. If people wish to prolong their lives and enjoy good health, they should adopt simple and natural means—such as wearing one of Mr. Harness' Electropathic Belts. These genuine appliances give wonderful support to the various organs of the body; they are very comfortable to wear, and the mild continuous currents of electricity which they imperceptibly generate, naturally and speedily invigorate the debilitated constitution, assist digestion and assimilation, giving strength to every nerve and muscle of the body, and effectually preventing chills and rheumatic pains, which so many people are, unfortunately, subject to in this country, where the climate is so changeable. It seems, and is, a simple remedy; but it is as sure as it is simple, and the number of unsolicited testimonials we have received from all classes of society amply prove that we do not exaggerate when we say that Harness' Electropathic Belts have completely cured thousands of men and women in all parts of the known world, most of whom had obtained no relief from medicine, and many of them had been pronounced by their family doctors as positively incurable."

NATURE v. MEDICINE.

The following is a list of some of the ailments that have been effectually cured by simply wearing one of these genuine electropathic appliances. Nervous Exhaustion, Neuralgia, Sleeplessness, Melancholia, Loss of Appetite, Indigestion, Constipation, Spasms, Flatulence, Torpid Liver, Nervous and Bilious Headaches, Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago, "Weak Back," Kidney Complaints, Hysteria, Internal Weakness, Poorness of Blood, Feeble Circulation, Heartburn, etc. This is not a rash statement, but an actual fact, which can be verified by referring to the book of testimonials published at 52, Oxford-street, London, W., by the Proprietors, the Medical Battery Company (Limited). A copy will be sent free by post on application, with descriptive pamphlet, to all those who are unable to call at the Company's Establishment, which, by the way, is the largest Medical Electric Institute in the world, and is known as the Electropathic and Zander Institute.

WHAT ARE HARNESS' ELECTROPATHIC BELTS?

They are an improvement on the galvanic couple of the celebrated German, Professor Humboldt. They are exceedingly simple in their construction, very comfortable to wear, and, from their constant action, most efficacious as a self-generating reservoir of electricity. They are entirely unique as a therapeutic adaptation of electricity, as they consist of a series of constant current electric generators, which are in continuous action while the belt is worn. They contain also all the essential elements of the dry compress, so well known and appreciated in hydropathic treatment. Acting, as they do, upon all the most important organs of the body, they rarely fail to alleviate most of the disorders resulting from local or general debility, impaired digestion, weak circulation, or defective organic action."

COMFORT AND HEALTH.

These genuine electric belts are exceedingly comfortable to wear; they give wonderful support and vitality to the internal organs of the body, improve the figure, prevent chills, impart new life and vigour to the debilitated constitution, stimulate the organic action, promote the circulation, assist digestion, and promptly renew that vital energy the loss of which is the first symptom of decay. Its healing properties are multifarious; it stimulates the functions of various organs, increases their secretions, gives tone to muscle and nerves, relaxes morbid contractions, improves nutrition, and renews exhausted nerve force. Acting directly on the system, it sustains and assists its various functions, and thus promotes the health and vigour of the entire frame."

Besides these benefits, the mind is maintained in a buoyant, cheerful state, and every faculty is stimulated to the highest condition of intellectual strength."

THE UNPREJUDICED.

It is satisfactory to know that there are many conscientious medical men with a knowledge of Electro-therapeutics who will not allow the narrow-minded prejudice of some of their brethren to influence them against their firm convictions. A large number of these gentlemen have already testified to the remarkable curative powers of Harness' Electropathic Belts, Appliances, and treatment, and their original letters and reports may be personally inspected at the Electropathic and Zander Institute of the Medical Battery Co. (Ltd.), 52, Oxford-street, London, W. The Company rarely publish the names and addresses of the Doctors who write these testimonials, however, as, owing to the tyranny and bias of the self-interested Medical Council, they are liable to be most unjustly persecuted by the governing body supposed to look after their interests. The following are a few extracts from the numerous letters received from medical and scientific men, and our readers are urgently invited to call at the Electropathic and Zander Institute and examine the originals for themselves. The Medical Battery Co. (Ltd.) earnestly trust that their invitation will bring a large number of sceptical invalids and sufferers to visit their Institute, 52, Oxford-street, London, W. (corner of Rathbone-place), and, if they wish it, they can see the Electropathic Belts scientifically tested before purchasing them."

AN EMINENT DOCTOR'S CONVICTION.

(Name and address on application.) After visiting the Medical Battery Company's Institute, and personally examining the Electropathic Belts, Appliances, and methods of treatment, has written a long congratulatory letter to Mr. C. B. Harness, the President of the Company, from which we extract the following:—

"I am convinced of the genuine nature of the treatment carried out at the Electropathic and Zander Institute. . . . It is clear that you, like all previous pioneers of Science, must be sometimes scoffed at and accused of quackery by those ignorant of your speciality, and upon whose interests you encroach. Any registered medical practitioner connecting himself with you must expect persecution from the people who abuse and refuse to give even a fair trial to your system of treatment in disease. If you maintain your ground—bringing more and more science to bear upon your enemies, it is simply a matter of time for you to bring the medical profession over to your views in a body. You will then be recognised as the founder of Electrical Science as applied to medicine in England."

LATEST MEDICAL OPINION.

"Dear Sirs,—Having undergone your treatment for some time, I thought you might like to hear what progress I have made. Being a member of that profession which is not sympathetic with your line of treatment, my views as a medical man may be of more interest than if coming from one entirely ignorant of medical matters. I have been one matter I have learnt, and of which there is no shadow of doubt—that in Electricity, as so scientifically and thoroughly applied in your establishment, we have a very powerful means of cure. This, up to a very recent period, has been denied by the medical profession; the very simple reason being that they know nothing about it. I am sorry to say this of my own profession. From what I read in the current literature (medical) there has just begun an awakening to the fact that 'there must be something in electricity after all.'"

"In my own case you may know that it was a failure before. One of the most illustrious aural surgeons of the day told me he could do nothing, and that 'nerve cases always got worse.'"

"From July to following May I was very deaf. I began your treatment May 14, and rigidly followed it out daily till Sept. 2, when I began to hear better, off and on, and I can only compare it to a man being in a dark dungeon who occasionally sees a glimmer of light for a few moments, which dies away and comes again with shorter intervals. This was, however, predicted by Mr. Harness and his able coadjutor as the form the amelioration would take. I am not going to say I am well yet, but the improvement is so great in my condition that it would be the height of folly to relax in a moment the use of treatment."

"Electricity has acted as a 'WONDERFUL TONIC TO THE NERVE AND MUSCULAR SYSTEM.'"

"This was well exemplified a fortnight ago, when I had a day's holiday in the country. I carried for a distance of fourteen miles my large photographic apparatus. I did this without the slightest fatigue, and next day should not have known that I had been out with it. Previous journeys have proved that my arms would have been stiff next day. I mention this fact as showing how Electricity braces up the system. It has given me a wonderful appetite, and I feel now, apart from my ear troubles, as if I had had a month's scamp over the Alps. Speaking from the standpoint of a medical man, I fail to see how we are going to carry out electrical treatment. The expense of the apparatus alone would be a drawback; even if we learn to be conversant with its use, our only means would be to submit proper cases to your establishment—a thing which I should certainly do."

"I am sorry to trouble you with these details, but I feel so grateful, and I thought you might like to know what the results have been.—I am, dear Sirs, yours faithfully,"

"To the Medical Battery Company (Limited), 52, Oxford-street, London, W., [The original of this letter may be seen at the Company's Institute, or the name and address of writer will be sent on application.]

"Dear Sirs,—I have now worn your Electropathic Belt just a fortnight, and I am more than gratified at the change in my health."

"When I began to wear it I suffered from lassitude, sluggish liver, constipation, indigestion, and more or less insomnia, and, as a natural result, felt peevish and irritable."

"One of the first effects I experienced was feeling in better spirits with myself and my surroundings, and now I may say the whole of the above symptoms are removed."

"I have already begun to recommend it to my patients. Wishing you every success, Believe me, yours sincerely,"

"M.R.C.S., L.S.A., &c." "To the Medical Battery Company (Limited), 52, Oxford-street, London, W. Dr. W. M.R.C.S., London, writes:—'Adverting to my visit last week, I must say I examined your establishment with great interest. Everything is conducted on strictly scientific principles, coupled with enterprise and shrewd commercial guidance, and you have undoubtedly met a want long felt by professional men. I have sent you many patients of both sexes for the Electropathic Belts, also your excellent Rupture Appliances, which, for comfort, efficiency, and durability, are unequalled; and, now that I have seen for myself your resources, and the skillful personal attention which the ruptured receive, I have every confidence their requirements will always be adequately met. Wishing you every success.'"

"DR. CHAS. LEMPIRE'S OPINION. Dr. C. Lempiere, Senior Fellow, St. John's College, Oxford, was completely cured of rheumatic fever by wearing one of these Electropathic Belts. In a long letter of gratitude he states that he considers them 'the best preventative as well as the best curative.'"

"DR. ANNA KINGSFORD'S OPINION. Writing in the 'Lady's Pictorial,' she says:—'Mr. C. B. Harness' Pamphlet is written with considerable skill and ingenuity. There can be no doubt of the fact that scientifically directed treatment by electricity is destined to hold a prominent place in medical therapeutics. The disorders of women being especially under the influence of nervous disturbance, are, as a rule, particularly amenable to electrical treatment. Hysteria and melancholy depression, as well as neuralgic pain, headaches, and 'weak back,' yield to such treatment when all ordinary remedies fail.'"

"ANOTHER MEDICAL OPINION. An eminent M.D. of Bath, who prefers not to have his name published, but whose original letter may be personally inspected, writes:—'Aug. 22.—I am very glad to be able to inform you that my patient has derived considerable benefit from your Electropathic treatment, and, as regards your new Rupture Appliance, it far surpasses all others that I have seen in my long experience for comfort, cleanliness, and efficiency as a support, and I feel sure that it will ultimately become generally adopted in preference to the old-fashioned leather and other trusses.'"

"MORE PROOF. The late editor of 'The Electrical Engineer,' after a thorough examination of Mr. Harness' Curative Electropathic Belts, declares them to be perfect appliances for the self-application of mild, invigorating currents of Electricity for the prevention or cure of disease. Copy of his report may be obtained gratis on application to the Medical Battery Co. (Limited), 52, Oxford-street, London, W. Book of testimonials, pamphlet, and consultation free.—Address letters to Mr. C. B. Harness, President."

"THE FAMILY DOCTOR." In an Editorial notice, Sept. 8, 1888, says:—'The valuable and ingenious inventions of Mr. Harness, and the elaborate and beautifully fitted operating and consulting rooms at the Company's extensive 'Electropathic' and Zander Institute, at the corner of Rathbone-place, Oxford-street, are indeed a wonderful example of the rapid strides made during the last few years in the science of Medical Electricity.'"

"DRS. BEARD AND ROCKWELL. 'Medical and Surgical Electricity,' p. 237, say:—'With this general principle before us, we cease to wonder that electricity is used and recommended in such a wide variety of diseases, many of them of an apparently opposite character, and we see the injustice of that criticism which condemns electricity because it is good for so many ailments.'"

"WORTH MAKING A NOTE OF. The largest Medical Electric Institute in the world is at 52, Oxford-street, London, W. (corner of Rathbone-place), where every form of Electropathic Belt, battery, and other health appliance is kept in stock for the treatment and cure of nervous and rheumatic affections, liver and kidney disorders, &c. The Medical Battery Company (Limited) are the sole proprietors of this palatial establishment, which is known as the Electropathic and Zander Institute (Mr. C. B. Harness, President). It is elegantly fitted with electric baths, static machines, electrolysis rooms, (where superfluous hairs are painlessly removed by electricity), and a large number of beautifully furnished consulting rooms, where the Company's physician, surgeon, medical electricians, lady superintendent, and other officers examine and advise patients daily free of charge. There is also a special room set apart for ruptured sufferers, another for the treatment of corpulence, another for the cure of throat and chest affections by chemical inhalation, and another for the treatment of deafness by electricity. One of the largest and best-ventilated rooms in the building is fitted with over fifty of Dr. Zander's Swedish mechanical exercise machines, for assisting in the cure of such diseases as writer's cramp, curvature of the spine, stiff joints, rheumatism, &c. The entire building is open for free inspection daily, and sceptics can see Mr. Harness' Electropathic Belts scientifically tested any day between the hours of 9.0 a.m. and 6.30 p.m. (Saturdays 4.0 p.m.). Those who are unable to call at 52, Oxford-street, London, W., are invited to make a note of the address, and write for a pamphlet (free) before they forget it."

LETTERS OF INTEREST.

The following interesting letters are selected from the thousands which Mr. Harness has received from the grateful multitude who have been completely restored to health by simply wearing one of his Electropathic Belts. (The originals may be seen at the Medical Battery Company's Electropathic and Zander Institute, 52, Oxford-street, London, W.)

NERVOUS AFFECTIONS—MARVELLOUS EFFECT.

Joseph Korn, The Globe, 26A, Wilton-street, St. Anne-street, Liverpool, writes:—'July 29, 1889. Dear Sir,—I am most happy to be able to state that the intense nervousness from which I have suffered all my life has left me, after wearing your Electropathic Belt during fourteen days, and in this short period it has done me more good than I have ever derived from medicine. I feel in better health than I have done for many years; the giddiness in the head, as likewise the constant trembling of hands, has vanished, and altogether the Appliance has had a marvellous effect on my system. I feel in reality a new man, and shall be delighted to answer any inquiries that might be addressed me.—Yours gratefully, JOSEPH KORN.'

"To C. B. Harness, Esq., President, The Medical Battery Company (Limited), 52, Oxford-street, London, W."

F. G. Anstey, Esq., 199, Queen's Gate, London, S.W., writes:—'December 2, 1887.—Words fail to express my gratitude to you for the benefit I have derived from the use of your Electropathic Appliances, for now I feel like a new creature and better than I have done for years. My nerves are much better, and I have none of that languid feeling which used to make my life a burden. I have strongly recommended your treatment to several of my friends, and I only wish I had heard of it sooner, for I might have been spared years of suffering.'

"PARALYSIS 'PERFECTLY CURED.'"

Mr. R. Clark, Beacon Hill, Newark, writes:—'January 12, 1889.—Since wearing your Electropathic Belt (September, 1888) I have greatly improved; in fact, after wearing it three months, I am perfectly cured without any other treatment. I feel better than I have for two years past.'

"A BARRISTER'S OPINION."

F. Arthur Sibley, Barrister-at-Law, M.A., LL.M. (Cantab.), Hayward-field, Stonehouse, Gloucestershire, writes:—'I have only been waiting until my complete recovery to give a testimony to the wonderful effect of your Electropathic Belt treatment. For three years I had been'

"IN PURSUIT OF HEALTH."

As soon as I invested in the Electropathic Appliances my improvement was rapid. I have regained all the vigour, both of body and of mind, that I had lost, and now I am completely restored to health again."

"WRITER'S CRAMP."

"22, Upper Baker-street, London, W., May 8, 1889. 'Dear Sir,—I have given you specimens of my writing, done every evening after treatment.'

"I explained to you that, from my schoolboy days, I have never written a good hand; but the improvement, since I have been under your care, is most marked. I am glad to bear testimony to your skillful treatment."

"Yours very sincerely, R. W. PARISEL."

"C. B. Harness, Esq., 52, Oxford-street, London, W."

"RHEUMATIC AFFECTIONS."

"8, Eton-grove, Lee, Kent, S.E., Nov. 27, 1889."

"Dear Sir,—Some time since I purchased one of your Electropathic Belts, as I had been suffering for some time with Rheumatic Gout, and was recommended to try your system."

"I am pleased to say it had the desired effect, although I did not notice any apparent benefit until I had worn the Belt for about a week; after that the improvement in health began, and continued, and I should be sorry to be without it now."

"I trust many others who may be suffering in a similar way may be induced to try this remedy.—Yours gratefully, GEO. FRANKLIN CHAMBERS."

"C. B. Harness, Esq., 52, Oxford-street, London, W."

"MUCH BETTER."

Richard Buckle, Esq., 13, Clifton-hill, New-cross-road, S.E., writes:—'March 28th, 1889.—I have been very much better since wearing your Electropathic Belt.' Mrs. Ord, Main-road, Bexley-heath, writes:—'March 11th, 1889.—My health has greatly improved since wearing your Electropathic Belt. I have recommended all my suffering friends to try them.'

"COMPLETELY CURED."

Mr. W. Read, Kilwarock street, Queen's-park, W., writes:—'March 25th, 1889.—I have been completely cured of my painful Sciatica by wearing Harness' Electropathic Belt.'

"John Barrett, Esq., Maltster, Brentwood Maltings, Essex, writes:—'March 6th, 1889.—I am feeling much better.'"

"A CLERGYMAN'S TESTIMONY."

Rev. G. Davidson, The Manse, Logie, Collieston, Dunnet, Aberdeenshire:—'April 1.—It has effected a wonderful and very marked improvement in my health, and has cured the lumbago from which I have been suffering for some time."

Mr. Robert Avis, Weston, Stalbridge, Dorset, writes:—'Feb. 27th, 1889.—The lumbago and pains in my back have both ceased since wearing your Belt.'

Miss Edith Harris, 3, Albany-terrace, East Cowes, Isle of Wight, writes:—'March 8th, 1889.—Your Electropathic Belt has completely cured me of Rheumatism.'"

Mr. Samuel Duffy, Woodcote House, Windlesham, Bagshot, Surrey, writes:—'My Rheumatism is a great deal better since wearing the Electropathic Belt.'

"COMPLETELY CURED OF RHEUMATISM."

Mr. Francis Lawson, 114, Day-street, Hull, writes:—'I am glad to say the stiffness in my joints has left me, so that I can now say, with pleasure, I am completely cured of Rheumatism, after wearing the Belt for less than three months.'"

"DISORDERS OF THE DIGESTIVE ORGANS."

Flatulence and Nervousness. Miss M. A. Clarke, 41, Southfield-street, Nelson-lane, writes:—'Your Electropathic Belt has effected a remarkable change for the better. I feel quite a different person altogether.'

Mrs. E. Holder, 3, Arthur-street, Cambridge, writes:—'Feb. 28, 1889.—I feel a great deal better since wearing your Electropathic Belt.'

Miss L. Turner, 119, Gipsy-hill, Norwood, writes:—'Jan 29, 1889.—I had been suffering for nearly three years, but am much better since wearing the Belt. I feel much stronger and not so nervous. It is a great comfort.'

"RAPIDLY RESTORED."

E. J. S. Smith, Esq., F.R.H.S., Cobham, Surrey, writes:—'May 20th.—When I commenced to wear your Appliances, not only was my bodily constitution much impaired, but (far worse to tell) my memory was fast failing, from late hours and never-ceasing study. Now, however, by your skill, I am thankful to say that both are rapidly being restored, and my brain is regaining its former health and power, thus becoming, as of old, a source of great happiness. I am very grateful, and you may refer anyone to me as a guarantee that I have derived great benefit through wearing your Belt.'

"LADIES' AILMENTS—WONDERFUL EFFECT."

Miss M. Ramsey, 55, Wenlock-street, Hoxton, N., writes:—'April 4, 1889.—The effect was wonderful—I feel like a different person.'

Mrs. F. Cotton, Woodville, Sandford-road, Moseley, writes:—'March 7th, 1889.—Since wearing your Electropathic Belt I am much better. Have had more sleep and less sickness.'

"THE REV. JOHN WESLEY HAS WRITTEN AS FOLLOWS:—"

"Electricity cures abundance of diseases, even the most stubborn; many of them in a moment by a single touch, most in a few days, so that this is not only one of the greatest curiosities of the world, but one of the noblest boons God ever gave to man."

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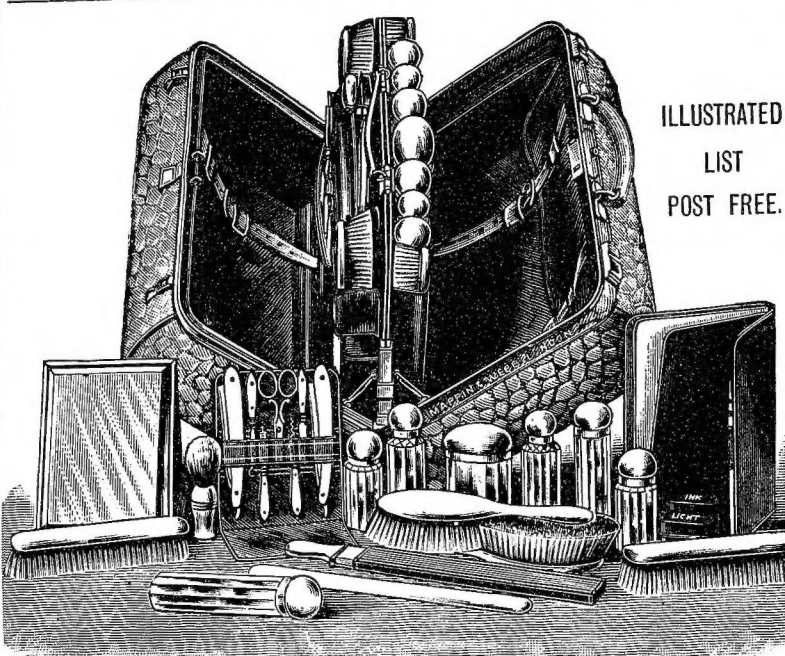
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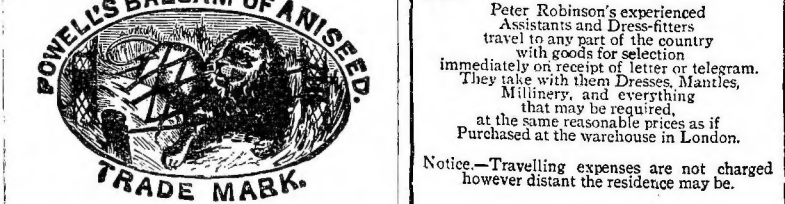
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